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HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody of Kim Kardashian and her involvement with the hair removal product Tria. A company with a competing product has charged that Kardashian misleadingly touted that she relied exclusively on Tria to remain hairless.

"Anybody else besides Rick Santorum think blowjobs are a form of contraception and should be outlawed?"

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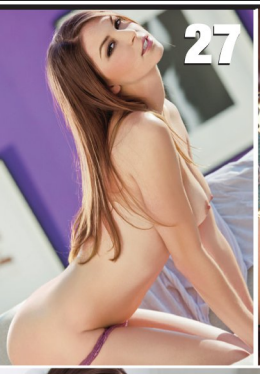
DECEMBER 2012 VOLUME 39 NUMBER 6 HustlerMagazine.com



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Advertising
Mickey Puyda *National Advertising Sales Director*
323-951-7907, mpuyda@LFP.com
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Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*
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WHY THIS ELECTION IS SO IMPORTANT

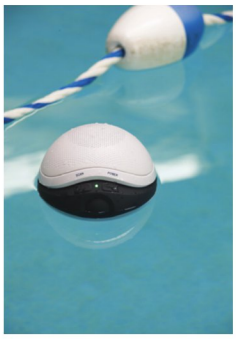
Whatever your feelings about President Barack Obama, you'll have to agree that he tries to do the right thing. It's not his fault that the Republicans have conspired to destroy his Presidency by creating gridlock in Congress.

Republican candidate Mitt Romney, on the other hand, embodies everything that's wrong with our political system. He's a liar and a phony who will sell out to special interests at the drop of a dollar bill. A vote for Romney is a vote for the policies of George W. Bush, the man who created the mess we're in.

President Obama is trying to solve the problems Dubya created. If you vote with your brains now, it will solve the problem with your pocketbook later. Don't turn back the clock.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

GET YOUR BALLS WET



Make your music float! The **Pool Jam Waterproof iPod Ready Wireless Speaker Set** is the perfect thingamajig to rock your pool party. Just connect your iPod (or stereo, CD player, MP3 player, computer or any other audio source) to the transmitter, turn on the 7-inch sphere and drop it in your pool, hot tub or a lake without fear of electrocution or malfunction. Powered by six AA batteries, the orb is a wireless speaker that delivers clear, static-free sound up to 150 feet from the transmitter, which runs on an AC current or four AA batteries. Did we mention that the **Pool Jam** ball is waterproof and has a blue mood light for nighttime listening? Dive in!

Available at ***HomeWetBar.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.95.

AIR IT OUT

Logitech, a leader in audio and computer peripherals, has set the standard for stylish speakers with amazing, high-end sound. The company's latest breakthrough is the **UE Air Speaker**. It provides wireless audio streaming of the highest quality from an iPhone, iPod or iPad connected through your home Wi-Fi network. You can connect several devices and even stream friends' devices without pairing. Plus, thanks to a piano-black veneer and subtle curves, the **UE Air Speaker** is really cool-looking! Man, just look at those curves! Sorry. We got excited for a second there.

Available at ***Logitech.com***. Suggested retail price: $399.99.

BEST SEAT IN THE UNIVERSE

If you're a geek (you know you are), you have long dreamed of sitting in the captain's chair on the bridge of the starship *Enterprise*. Now our pals at ThinkGeek have come up with the officially licensed **Inflatable *Star Trek* Captain's Chair**. The stylish seat is much smaller than the cosmos— 27.75 inches high, 29.25 inches wide, 18 inches deep—and supports up to 120 pounds. (Sorry, fatty.) What's so high-tech about this supercool collectible? Nothing! You blow the thing up and sit in it. The **Inflatable *Star Trek* Captain's Chair** does feature various buttons and lights printed on the arms so you can imagine commanding the *Enterprise*. We knew you were a geek. Live long and prosper! Yeah, we're geeks too.

Available at ***ThinkGeek.com***. Suggested retail price: $24.99.

VIDEO VOYEUR

There are hundreds of handheld, easy-to-use video cameras on the market—but only one **Bloggie Live HD Camera** from Sony. For starters, this sleek and rugged marvel captures up to three hours of 1080p/HD MP4 video footage as well as 12.8-megapixel photos. Its features include 8GB of internal memory and a 3-inch touchscreen. But what really makes the **Bloggie Live HD** stand out is its built-in Wi-Fi connectivity, so you can immediately upload your footage to the Web and do live streaming to boot. And because HUSTLER likes to support amateur filmmakers, we have one **Bloggie Live HD Camera** to give away! Just do us a favor and try to use it to film something other than sex. Try.

Available at ***Store.Sony.com*** and electronics retailers nationwide. Suggested retail price: $249.99.

WIN A BLOGGIE LIVE HD CAMERA!

For your chance to win a cool HD video camera and start your filmmaking career, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to **Bloggie Video Camera, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ ZIP Code _____

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by December 10, 2012. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

Science is OUT
Good old-fashioned
ignorant bullshit
is IN
McLeady

OBAMACARE EXPOSED AS GOP PLOT

REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE MITT ROMNEY CAN'T HIDE HIS MOST INSIDIOUS FLIP-FLOP.

Mitt Romney is such a liar. The contradictory garbage spewing out of this hack on healthcare has set a new standard for deception even for a power-hungry politician desperate to be President. Whatever you think about healthcare policy—and I for one am opposed to the stated plans of both Barack Obama and his Republican challenger because they do nothing to control costs while forcing consumers to buy coverage at inflated rates—it is Romney's willingness to outright lie over his flip-flops on this issue that is most troubling in considering whether or not he merits being President.

The *Wall Street Journal* proceeded to publish a devastating exposé based on e-mails that proved it was Mitt Romney who on the state level pioneered the identical healthcare reforms he now blasts Barack Obama for having signed into federal law.

Mitt thought he could get away with those lies concerning his sorry record as governor of Massachusetts because he had his staff destroy electronic messages and other key information documenting it. "When Mitt Romney left office as Massachusetts governor," the *Wall Street Journal* reported, "his aides removed all e-mails from a server computer in the governor's office, and purchased and carted off hard drives from 17 state-owned personal computers."

But in June of this year, the newspaper obtained a treasure trove of incriminating evidence that had survived the purge. The *Wall Street Journal* proceeded to publish a devastating exposé based on e-mails that proved it was Mitt Romney who on the state level pioneered the identical healthcare reforms he now blasts Barack Obama for having signed into federal law. The same provision for an individual mandate requiring everyone to purchase health insurance coverage from private insurers, which is the source of controversy over what Republicans have attempted to denigrate as "socialistic Obamacare," originated with Mitt Romney.

As the e-mails prove, it was then-Governor Romney who first championed this idea as an alternative to the public option being pushed by U.S. Senator Ted Kennedy (D-Massachusetts), which was based on an expansion of the government-sponsored Medicare program to supplement private coverage. Romney's idea that everyone in Massachusetts be forced to purchase healthcare insurance from private insurance companies came out of the right-wing Heritage Foundation think tank as a way of killing any expansion of a public option.

The e-mails confirm that the Democrats in Massachusetts, led by Kennedy, were cool to the idea of forcing people to buy health insurance from private companies, but Romney pushed it through. Yet when President Obama abandoned the public option and modeled his national healthcare plan on the one Romney had developed for Massachusetts, Mitt denounced it as socialist.

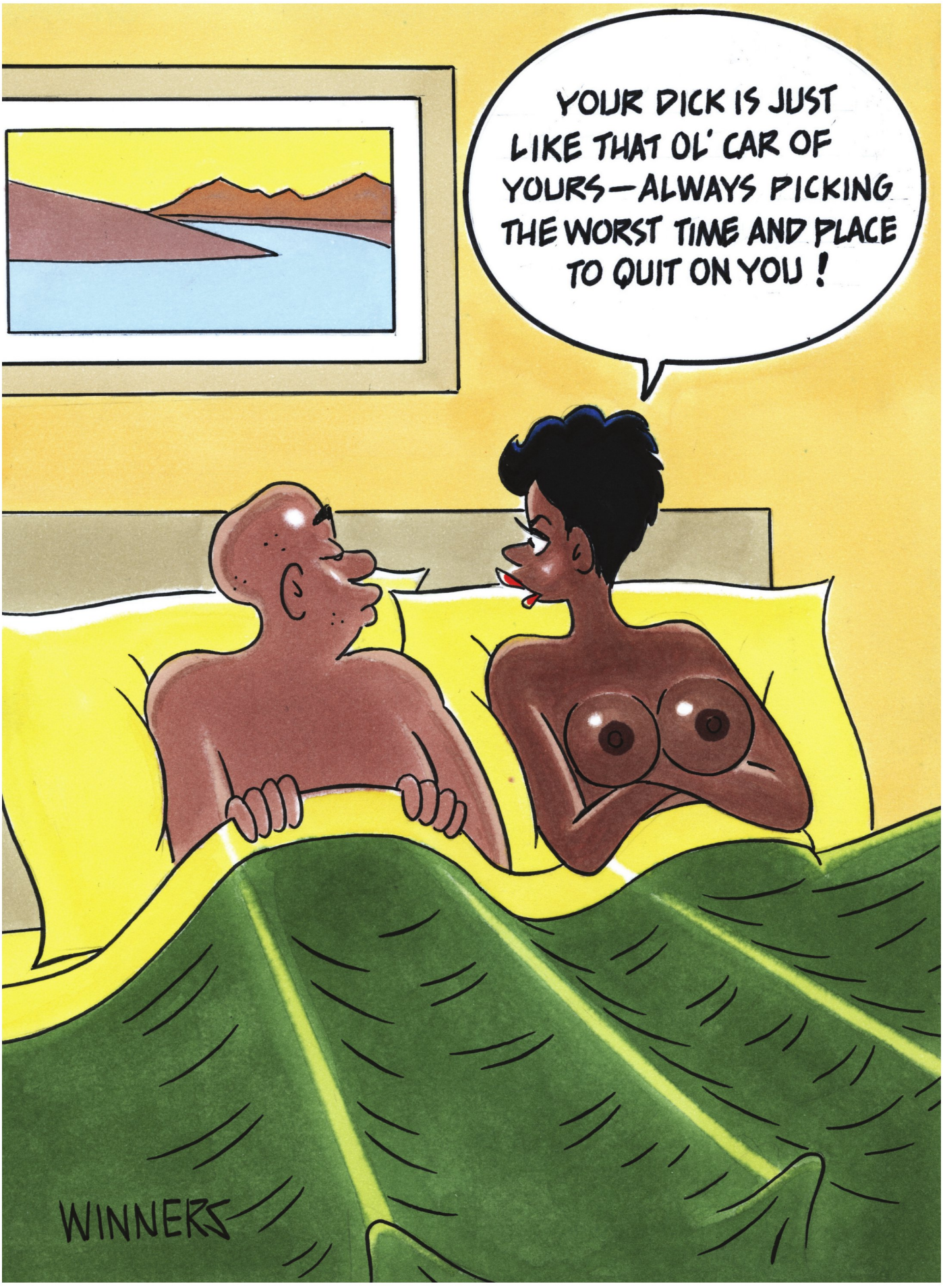
Yes, his deceit is that blatant, as was revealed in the aforementioned *Wall Street Journal* exposé: "In Massachusetts, Mr. Romney didn't include an individual mandate in his original proposal, but soon adopted the idea. The e-mails show his aides later came to champion it, even amid uncertainty from some Democrats. At the time, the mandate was a favored policy of the right, with the left instead pushing for government-run insurance programs.

"'We must have an individual mandate for any plan to work,' Tim Murphy, Mr. Romney's health secretary, wrote the governor and several aides on February 16, 2006, in an e-mail analyzing the latest confidential Democratic proposal, which he wrote was 'unclear' about that requirement. That Democratic proposal, obtained by the *Journal*, didn't include such a mandate, and instead focused on 'individual responsibility' aiming to 'encourage individuals to buy health insurance, not go uninsured.'"

There you have it. Led by Kennedy, Massachusetts Democrats favored a voluntary plan, leaving it up to the individual to make the decision. Meanwhile, the Republicans—led by Romney—wanted to use the power of the state and the threat of fines to force the individual to sign up. So it was Romney who was the socialist. The only thing he can properly accuse Obama of doing is adopting the Mitt Romney, Republican "socialist" healthcare plan and betraying the legacy of Ted Kennedy.

The requirement that all Americans be required to obtain health insurance—the so-called individual mandate—has, as a result of Mitt's attack ads, become the defining issue of the 2012 Presidential election. Not because it is the most important substantive issue we face or that lining up behind such a mandate is the only valid choice, but rather because it leaves Mitt Romney exposed as a flagrant liar whose word can never be trusted.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*


YOUR DICK IS JUST LIKE THAT OL' CAR OF YOURS—ALWAYS PICKING THE WORST TIME AND PLACE TO QUIT ON YOU!
WINNERS

WE THE WATCHED vs. BIG BROTHER

THE NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY GETS A GIGANTIC PARTNER AS THE EYES IN OUR SKY WILL SEE MORE OF US.

I was once very fond of Google. It's given me whatever information I needed, and if it doesn't at first, I get the answer by rephrasing my request. I even considered thanking Google on the acknowledgements page of my next book.

But having learned that Google is in a partnership with the National Security Agency (NSA)—the world's most mammoth surveillance organization—and that I'm not allowed to find any details of what personal data they're going to share, how can I thank Google? Will I still be prancing toward Google to make myself look like a masterful, knowledgeable reporter in many different fields? Somewhat cautiously.

I still use a typewriter because it's been part of me for so many years, and also I'm told the FBI can't get into it the way they pick up whatever they want from the Internet and all kinds of digital communication.

Neither the NSA nor Google will provide any details about the scope of their partnership. And when the Electronic Privacy Information Center went to court with its concern for further raids on our privacy, the powerful U.S. Court of Appeals—which blocked the U.S. Supreme Court's approval of granting habeas corpus rights to Guantanamo prisoners—derided the ingenuous contention that "the public has the right to know about any spying on citizens."

Decided the federal appellate court: Not only can the NSA reject requests for information on what it is doing in alliance with Google, *Yahoo! News* reported, but it also "does not even have to confirm whether it has any arrangement with the Internet giant." I bet judges in China and Iran smiled at that one.

Ah, but what if Mitt Romney becomes President? Will he demand that the NSA and Google disclose what they're looking into? This brings us to a penetratingly disturbing analysis of how the post-9/11 fears shaped and sustained by Bush, Cheney and Obama are affecting the relationship between an imperious government and us individual citizens.

Says the Rutherford Institute's John Whitehead: "What we are witnessing, in the so-called name of security and efficiency, is the creation of a new class system comprised of the watched (average Americans such as you and me) and the watchers (government bureaucrats, technicians and private corporations). The growing need for technicians necessitates the bureaucracy. The massive bureaucracies—now computerized—that administer governmental policy are a permanent form of government. Presidents come and go, but the nonelected bureaucrats remain."

Whitehead continues: "Can freedom in the United States continue to flourish and grow in an age when the physical movements, individual purchases, conversations and meetings of every citizen are constantly under surveillance by private companies and agencies?"

As I, and others, have reported, Whitehead also makes the disheartening point that "the Obama White House has proven to be just as bad, if not worse, than the Bush White House when it comes to invading the privacy rights of Americans."

How worried are We the People about the government's unblinking eye? Dig this from the May 17, 2012, edition of the *New York Daily News*: "A plan to launch six drone testing sites in the U.S. has New York and two dozen other states battling to roll out the welcome wagon for robotic eyes in the sky. The Federal Aviation Administration's call for comment drew a flood of pitches from groups and governments around the country clamoring for a slice of the pie."

According to the *Daily News*, getting a slice of that pie is being expedited: "The FAA recently announced it would streamline the approvals for use of smaller unmanned aerial vehicles by police and other public safety agencies."

These much-harder-to-spot airborne spies—some reportedly no larger than a golf ball—will be added to the other surveillance drones already being used by local and state police, the FBI and Homeland Security. Which current or future alarmed U.S. President will dare to try to ground these eager destroyers of what's left of our privacy? When you're looking up to the sky, don't make furtive movements.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

"You're not going to believe this, but yesterday a Republican gave me a dollar!"

"You're right, Michelle. I fluffed up the girlfriend story in my book, lied about quitting smoking and have made no change in my sexual technique that you could believe in."

HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD

DESPITE HAVING BEEN IN THE ENTERTAINMENT BUSINESS HIS WHOLE LIFE, IT'S OUR COLUMNIST'S APARTMENT THAT BECAME THE MOVIE STAR.

I love movies. Always have and always will. Sitting in a darkened theater with a whole bunch of other people is a shared experience. Where else are you able to laugh and cry in harmony with complete strangers? But like all good things, that pleasure is going away, replaced by unmitigated profligacy.

In the entertainment world, art and commerce have never had a great partnership. They're like oil and water, cats and dogs, Barack Obama and John Boehner. The business side wants to maximize profit while minimizing cost. The art side doesn't care what it costs; it just wants its vision fully realized. So why are movies so expensive and so artless?

I live in an old New York apartment building that was built at the turn of the last century by the Astors. It's a classic. In *New Jack City*, it was a crack house. Looking at a diagram, Wesley Snipes points to my kitchen as he announces, "That's where they will build their crack lab." In *Jungle Fever*, Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee live there. Last year, the ABC series *Pan Am* used it as a 1960s apartment house in Moscow. Over time this building has become its own movie star.

Recently, my wife and I once again played host to a major motion picture production. This time it was *Blood Ties*, starring Clive Owen, Mila Kunis, Marion Cotillard and James Caan among others. The crew must have been at least a hundred strong, many of whom were unloading tons of equipment from the huge trucks that lined the streets. All that just so a handful of actors could be shot in a cramped apartment. It seemed a bit bizarre.

Mind you, I have nothing against some of my fellow New York craftspeople making a living, but this was way over the top for a production that might not even find an audience. I began to realize what a crapshoot making a movie is and why we all pay so much at the theater.

Why all the extravagance? I remembered an incident years ago when I was hired as a consultant for an NBC comedy show. The producer and I were walking around the place where it was to be shot. He pointed to all the cameras and the trucks and then boasted, "Boy, we're spending the money now!" If I were NBC, I'd want him watching every penny. But to that producer, throwing money around made him feel like a big shot. I'll bet no one questioned the expense.

I suppose if an actor like Clive Owen shows up on a set where only a handful of very essential people are present, he might wonder what kind of cheap production he'd gotten himself into. But let's be honest. In a close-up or a two-shot, the audience would never know the difference. It's the performance that counts, and you could accomplish that with a camcorder if need be.

Ten small, independent films could be made for what was spent on *Blood Ties*. At least a few of them might do as well as that movie while employing, in total, just about the same number of people. In fact, the independent filmmaker Oren Peli made *Paranormal Activity* for $15,000. It made over $193 million at the box office. It stands as the greatest return on investment in film history. Do that, *Blood Ties*!

The thing I don't get—and this goes for TV too—is you have all these high-priced executives who decide what gets made, and none of them would know a hit if it bit them on the ass. How many times have you heard about a film you instinctively knew no one would want to see? Most of these TV and movie honchos make millions before anybody gets wise to the fact that they don't know shit.

I went to a theater the other day. The couple in front of me paid $38. (The film was in 3D, and you know how expensive it is to make those glasses.) Later, I saw the couple at the refreshment counter, where they spent another $36; $74 to go to a fucking movie?

The bottom line is that when you spend a lot of money, you don't necessarily get a better motion picture. You get executives who judge their worth by how much money they're spending. Once in a while, spending all that money gets you an *Avengers*, but more often, you're going to come up with a *John Carter*. (By the way, both films were dice rolls by Disney.)

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard weekdays on SiriusXM Left 127 (7 a.m. to 10 a.m. ET).

"Suspend all attacks planned for American targets. The United States will self-destruct if the impatient, forgetful Americans elect Romney."

MITT'S
JESUS
Trosley.

Mouthful

I just want to agree with Paul Nathan Jr.'s letter in the September '12 issue ["You're Welcome!"]. Flo from the Progressive Insurance ads needs a dick in her mouth for your monthly feature. She is very sexy in a weird kind of way.

Also, I would suggest putting a dick in Laura Ingraham's or Sarah Palin's mouth, considering how much free press you guys got when S.E. Cupp played the victim and enjoyed her 15 minutes of fame on your (or is it her?) back. Conservative media figures and politicians are always so good at falsely playing the victim. **—Chris R.**
West Chester, Pennsylvania

We couldn't agree more, Chris. We've already put a penis in Palin's mouth (March '09) and Flo's (October '12). As for Laura Ingraham, we'll put the conservative commentator under consideration.

Dimon, Enough!

In response to the JPMorgan Chase investment debacle, I have this to say to CEO Jamie Dimon: It looks like you and your company have landed in the rough. It's the same type of stupidity and hubris that helped cause the Great Recession. Déjà vu. Now what? Layoffs?

Sir, I've worked in the finance industry for the better part of 16 years and have never witnessed such a reckless disregard for investors' money.

This letter is being written on behalf of the numerous friends I have that work for [JPMorgan] in Cleveland. Financial catastrophe always results in employee cutbacks so that you can save your bottom line. Your company's reputation when it comes to the treatment of its employees ranges from severe micromanaging to mandatory 16 hours of overtime per week (essentially the equivalent of a seven-day workweek). You are operating on a very short-term, get-rich-quick scheme that ultimately will spell trouble for others.

Mr. Dimon, one cannot help but ask the questions: How much is enough? At what cost must others be forced to pay? Why do you continually work to thwart the Dodd-Frank Act and specifically the Volcker Rule? Please realize the long-term implications of your boner and refrain from making any further financial "miscalculations." Yes, the whole world is watching, sir. You can bet on it. **—Joe Bialek**
Cleveland, Ohio

Beware of Drones

I just heard on the radio that our federal government has made it legal for some domestic law-enforcement agencies to use drones. On U.S. territory!

It's very distressing to me. I can just see rednecks everywhere trying to shoot them down, and everyone else taking cover from descending high-velocity bullets. Granted, the drones are supposed to be unarmed. We can all imagine the next step: armed drones over our homes. **—Jon Root**
Kirkland, Washington

Back for More?

Regarding your August '12 issue, I only have two words: Capri Anderson ["Grin and Bare It"]. Man, she's beautiful. Those luscious lips, and her deep, penetrating eyes! No wonder Charlie Sheen just had to have her. She's the perfect woman! I hope to see her in HUSTLER again soon.
—Ken Chenard
Miami, Florida

I just had to write a letter to tell you that as soon as I saw Capri Anderson on the cover of your magazine, I had to buy it. I think I'm in love. **—Matt Dixon**
Rock Hill, South Carolina

Unike Charlie Sheen, we would love it if August '12 covergirl Capri Anderson locked herself up in our hotel room.

Blast From the Past

At the end of every issue, you publish *Cougars Unleashed* and a HUSTLER *Classic.* (I have never seen so much pussy hair!) Have you ever thought of putting the two together and doing a then-and-now photo-shoot? I personally would like to see what some of your models have done with themselves over the years.
—Rick Marshall
St. Louis, Missouri

We're on it! We've been trying to track down some of our vintage models. Stay tuned to see what we find.

Do Not Enter

Larry, before I turn 40 next year, I want to pose in HUSTLER. How does an ordinary, diehard subscriber like me go about this? I'm good-looking with a thick erection, and I can maintain it for several hours. There is nothing I would love more than to be a tiny part of your enormous HUSTLER legend. Your readers and I could feast off my pictorial for years.

I can die a life fulfilled if I were to set foot in the HUSTLER building and shake your hand. I'm indebted to your cause! **—Dan Connole**
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dan, as a "diehard subscriber," you should know we like to fill our pages with chicks, not dicks.

Marital Bliss

I want to thank you for all the great, sexy and cum-hungry ladies in the magazine. In the August '12 issue, the *Beaver Hunt* section featured one lady who drives me crazy. She's beautiful, sexy, leggy, busty and married, which makes her even hotter! Her name is Rae of Sunshine. Her fantasy is to fuck her husband in front of everyone at a sex resort. If it comes true, I'm certain that an orgy will follow!
—Shawn Connelly
Kansas City, Missouri

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

ROMNEY PICKS UP A PROSTITUTE
BIG DADDY
FRAN
BAMASS
HT
COOL EARL
MITT-1
Trosley

THE *most* OBSEQUIOUS MAN *in the* WORLD

I don't drink beer because I'm a Mormon. But if I did, I would probably drink Dos Caras. Unless most Americans don't like it, then I'd order something else. Seriously, I'm so power-hungry that I'll say anything to get your vote, even if it directly contradicts something I said ten minutes ago. Heck, I'd ditch Mormonism like a cheap suit if it would push me over the top on Election Day.

CERVEZA

XX

DOS CARAS

STAY INCONSISTENT, *my friends.*

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. This is a parody and commentary on two-faced (*dos caras* in Spanish) Presidential aspirant Mitt Romney. From disavowing the healthcare system he installed in Massachusetts to flip-flopping on issues like student-loan debt and immigration, Romney has proved to be utterly free of any genuine convictions. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

BRISTOL PALIN

Sure, Bristol Palin's a little on the horsey side, but we'd do her. Of course, we'd ask her not to talk. Hell, we'd *demand* it. The only sounds we'd want to hear would be her piglike grunts of pleasure as we slammed her from the rear with our massive dick. As for her not talking, let's face it: The bitch is stupid.

Given that Bristol Palin was born into a family with a damaged gene pool—her little brother Trig has Down's syndrome—we shouldn't really blame her for being dumb. If her apparently low IQ isn't hereditary, it could easily have been caused by the influence of her ignorant parents.

If you were led to believe from birth that the world was created in six days and that evolution is a myth—if you're told, in effect, that black is white and shit is ice cream—you'd be intellectually damaged too. The problem is that Bristol is breeding. There are going to be more offspring from the Palins' bloodline!

How stupid is Sarah Palin's daughter? Let's look at the evidence: First of all, just like her mom, Bristol is a conservative Republican. The 21-year-old has even said she might run for office someday. This from a girl who has never read a book that didn't have pictures with word balloons and whose education barely goes beyond high school. Of course, that pretty much describes Sarah Palin as well. We guess Bristol figures—God help us—that if her mother can achieve public office, she can too.

To date, however, Bristol's political comments have been pretty limited. When President Barack Obama came out in support of same-sex marriage, Bristol attacked him on her blog, stating (among other things slightly less embarrassing) that "in general, kids do better growing up in a mother/father home. Ideally, fathers help shape their kids' worldview." That from an unwed mother who got pregnant at age 17. Bristol is too oblivious to see the irony in her remark.

She's also come out against birth control in favor of sexual abstinence. Yeah, that worked out well for her. In fact, it seldom works out for anyone. And since Bristol doesn't read, she has no way of knowing that states teaching abstinence-only in their school systems have the highest rates of teen pregnancy.

The girl's not just stupid. She's also shallow, although we guess those two traits go hand in hand. While in high school, Bristol wrote—in a note to be included in a time capsule—that she desired to own 50 pairs of jeans, have her own pig and go to a Los Angeles Lakers basketball game. We understand the Lakers game. And not knowing the peculiarities of life in Alaska, we suppose we're okay with the pig—assuming no sex is involved. But 50 pairs of jeans? Come on! What kind of empty-headed, superficial floozy would come up with something like that? And don't give us that she-was-still-in-high-school crap. Did you know anyone in high school who was that lame-brained?

We wouldn't be all worked up about Bristol if she wasn't actually making her stupidity pay off. (It's a family gift.) In 2009, she was named a Teen Pregnancy Prevention Ambassador for the Candie's Foundation. How much sense does that make? You get knocked up, have a child out of wedlock and then become a role model for combating teen pregnancy? By that measure, serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer could have been a spokesman for vegans. Even more aggravating, Bristol got paid $262,000 for her "ambassadorship."

But wait! It gets worse! Bristol pocketed another $295,000 from *Dancing With the Stars*, plus she's been earning speaker fees ranging from $15,000 to $30,000 a pop. Is that bullshit or what? People paying Bristol Palin to lecture them? And let's not forget the book sales and her new reality show, *Life's a Tripp*. The bitch is worth over a million dollars! Bristol paid cash for a house she bought in Arizona.

We suppose if you asked Bristol, she'd say her riches are proof that God is watching over her. To us, getting all that loot is proof there is no God.

As for having sex with Bristol Palin, on further reflection we would only do that if she were bound and gagged, suspended from the ceiling and had a butt-plug in her ass. After all, we have our standards.

FART IN THE WIND

•**LEVI JOHNSTON**, for reasons we are about to explain, has now tied the knot with his ex-fiancée, Bristol Palin—in Assholy matrimony. The "pride" of Wasilla, Alaska, first gained notoriety for knocking up the teenage daughter of then-Alaska Governor Sarah Palin, 2008 Republican Presidential candidate John McCain's running mate. But in April 2009, just a few months after giving birth to a baby boy named Tripp, Bristol broke off the engagement. Since finding himself in the limelight, Johnston entertained the idea of becoming an actor and model. Voila! He posed nude for *Playgirl* magazine but chickened out on exposing his junk. The high school dropout later announced his candidacy for mayor of Wasilla. No surprise, that went over like a lead balloon. Public Policy Polling reported that Johnston elicited a 6% approval and 72% disapproval rating, making him the most unliked person polled in his home state. He has to be even more disliked by Bristol and her mother. Johnston—whose tell-all book *Deer in the Headlights: My Life in Sarah Palin's Crosshairs* was recently published—has reportedly squandered $1 million in earnings on "guns, boats and four-wheelers." Worse, according to a source cited by *US Weekly*, Johnston hasn't paid child support in nearly two years. Yet he reportedly turned down a $10,000 offer to appear on an episode of Bristol's reality show, *Life's a Tripp*. The last we heard, Johnston has impregnated another girlfriend, and the lovebirds—fellow hunting enthusiasts—want to name the child Breeze Beretta, as in the Italian handgun. To us, all of the above makes Levi Johnston a high-caliber Fart in the Wind.

BOOBY PRIZES

Many skin biz A-listers, including cohosts Kayden Kross and Dylan Ryder, were on hand as the X-Rated Critics Organization (XRCO) held its 2012 awards show at the Highlands nightclub in Los Angeles. Among the big winners were Jessie Andrews (Best Actress, New Starlet) and Asa Akira, who was named Female Performer of the Year and granted the honorary title of Superslut. Brooklyn Lee took home the Orgasmic Oralist award.

Kayden Kross

Brooklyn Lee

Jessie Andrews

Asa Akira

SHOCK VALUE

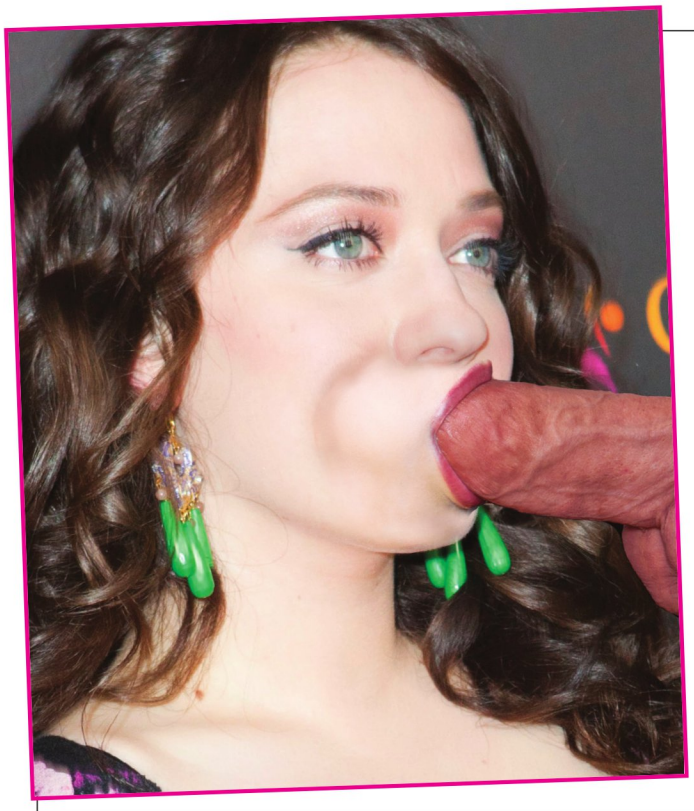
If you feel like there's nothing shocking in the world anymore, perhaps you simply haven't feasted your eyes upon a recent copy of HUSTLER'S TABOO. These provocative pics offer a taste of what's in store for you in the pages of our sister publication. Some people might be appalled by images like this, but we're not judgmental. Every pregnant woman has a different method for soothing her unborn infant. Some play Mozart, while others don nipple chains, strap on a ball gag and masturbate with a mace.

PHOTO COURTESY SUFFERING4ART

PHOTO COURTESY LIGHTWORSHIP

"Anybody who believes that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach flunked geography." —ROBERT BYRNE, AUTHOR

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS AND EMMREPORT.COM



CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Kat Dennings* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

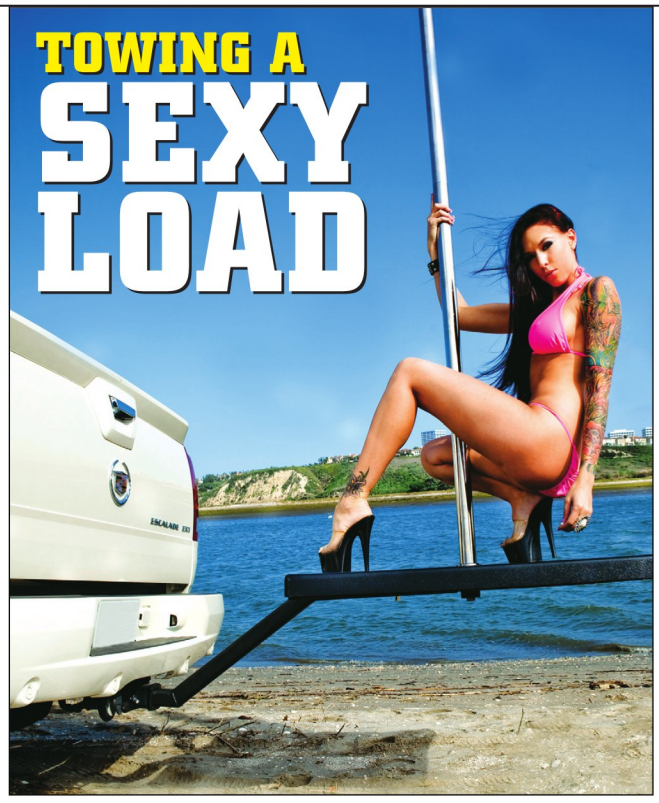
Kat Dennings, star of the mind-bogglingly bad sitcom *2 Broke Girls*, started out on a promising career path with roles in *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* and *Nick and Norah's Infinite Playlist*. We're not sure why the actress signed on for a half-witted television show chock-full of racist stereotypes and painfully unfunny dialogue. Since Kat doesn't seem to care about the idiotic jokes coming out of her mouth, she probably won't mind us briefly putting something else in there.

DISCLAIMER. No such picture of Kat Dennings actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON

"I should have warned you about the smell, mister. It's been a busy day!"

TOWING A SEXY LOAD



If those custom mudflaps aren't getting your truck enough attention, maybe you should consider installing a stripper pole. Platinum Stages, an innovative company that specializes in dance poles suitable for every occasion, is now selling the Hitch Pole (starting at $399), which can be attached to any (parked) truck or SUV. Platinum Stages also offers poles for the less adventurous souls who—for some reason—would rather strip at home than in public. For more info, visit **PlatinumStages.com**.

"Do infants enjoy infancy as much as adults enjoy adultery?" —MURRAY BANKS, LECTURER

NEWSBITES

THE OTHER WHITE MEAT

Five lucky foodies were recently treated to a rare dining experience: a plate of human genitals. When Japanese illustrator Mao Sugiyama, 22, had his cock and balls surgically removed (thanks to a desire to become asexual), he didn't want them tossed in the trash. So Sugiyama found a handful of people willing to pay $250 to snack on his penis, testes and scrotum, which were served up with mushrooms and parsley at a high-end eatery in Tokyo. We prefer the American method of sacrificing one's manhood: marriage.

STICKY FINGERS

A postal worker in England was busted for perpetrating a mail-theft scam that lasted for almost a decade. Plenty of cash and valuables pass through post offices on a daily basis, but this guy was apparently only after packages that delivered a boner to his trousers. During his spree, the pervy postman from Peterborough stole several packages containing pornographic DVDs, women's undergarments and sex toys. We always wondered what happened to that limited-edition Spice Girls dildo we ordered back in 2005.

EROTIC EMERGENCY

Oklahoma City resident Clyde Hobbs was arrested after repeatedly phoning for emergency services. In a single evening the 72-year-old placed at least 17 calls. What was the emergency? Hobbs allegedly made a lot of lewd comments to the operators, so it's assumed the codger wanted some dirty talk, and the only phone number he could think to dial was 911. He's obviously never flipped through the pages of HUSTLER.

DUDE LOOKS LIKE A LADY

After entering a hospital for a routine procedure, a Colorado man emerged as a woman. Steve Crecelius, who was suffering from a kidney stone, underwent an ultrasound scan that revealed female sex organs hidden in his body. Technically he's intersex—possessing both male and female genitalia. The shocking discovery persuaded Crecelius, who has been married for 25 years and has six kids, to start living as a woman. A similar thing happened to a relative of ours, except it was cops who found the hidden lady parts, and they weren't in Uncle Pete's crotch. They were in his luggage!

"Having sex is like playing bridge. If you don't have a good partner, you better have a good hand." —WOODY ALLEN, COMEDIAN

LOWER EDUCATION

Cartoonist George Jartos has been a HUSTLER favorite for years. This time he addresses the sorry state of our country's educational system. For more, visit **GeorgeJartos.com**.

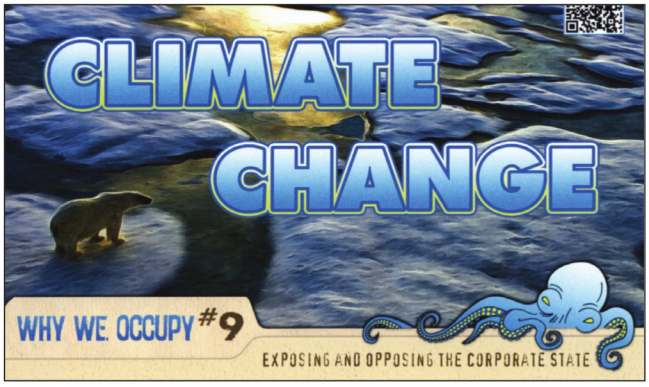
SHE'S PROOF POSITIVE GOOD EDUCATION IS NOT NECESSARY TO TURNING OUT PRODUCTIVE CITIZENS.
FUCK TEACHERS & SCHOOLS
RAISE TUITION
VIRTUAL SCHOOLS
PRIVATIZE EDUCATION / SCHOOLS FOR PROFIT
SCREW THE KIDS
JARTOS

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #36

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

HUSTLER has been dumping crap onto loathsome Secretary of the Treasury Timothy Geithner's head for the past 36 issues. We vowed to do so until the bum either quit or got fired. Now it seems that the happy day is finally upon us. Geithner seems confident that no matter the outcome of the 2012 Presidential election, he won't be returning to his Cabinet post. Even though Timmy's disastrous reign is about to end, let's not forget what this dumbass did to deserve almost three years' worth of excrement. Most significantly, he blew a rare chance to overhaul America's corrupt financial system. Instead, Geithner seemed preoccupied with protecting his pals on Wall Street. After the government rescued AIG, he helped make sure that the failed institution's execs still received exorbitant bonuses. He didn't push for the dismantling of the too-big-to-fail banks when it was obvious that doing so needed to happen. Geithner dropped the ball on delivering genuine regulatory reform while also ignoring the desperate need for reinstatement of the Glass-Steagall Act, which prevented banks from making wild gambles with their clients' deposits.

As Timothy Geithner moves on, we hope that no one ever forgets the damage this turd did to the U.S. economy. Eat shit and die, Timmy.



THE 99% SOLUTION

The Occupy Wall Street movement has been criticized for lacking a cohesive philosophy, with the media often presenting the group as confused, divided and inconsistent. In order to clarify the central concerns of the 99%, a group of OWS activists banded together to create the Occucards. Each card provides background information and commentary on a particular issue, including climate change, the prison-industrial complex and the threat of corporate personhood. If you're mad as hell but don't know why, the Occucards can help.

Occucards can be downloaded for free or, if you'd prefer, glossy postcard versions can be purchased at **Occucards.com**.

PHOTO COURTESY THOMAS DIXON

WHAT GENERATION GAP?

Mamie Van Doren has had no trouble embracing the Internet age. Already a devoted Facebook user, she's now exploring another method for connecting directly with her fans. Mamie's blog *Inside/Out* provides a window into the woman behind the iconic image. The stunning seventy-something writes about everything from legendary slugger Joe DiMaggio to rescuing greyhounds. To find out what's on her mind, visit **MamieVanDoren.com/InsideOut**.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Lonn Friend's new book *Sweet Demotion: How an Almost Famous Rock Journalist Lost Everything and Found Himself (Almost)* offers a fresh look at a familiar subject: the midlife crisis. Friend, who began his career as a HUSTLER editor in the early 1980s, has had a wild ride in the music business. He was the founding editor of the heavy metal mag RIP and has been an MTV personality (appearing on *Headbangers Ball*) and an exec with Arista Records. As *Sweet Demotion* chronicles, the author's career derailed in the late '90s, triggering a 13-year period marked by meager income and profound spiritual insights. Among the highlights are a trip to a porn star's burial in the desert and a Janis Joplin ghost sighting.

Lonn Friend's *Sweet Demotion: How an Almost Famous Rock Journalist Lost Everything and Found Himself (Almost)*—Author House, 476 pages, $24.99 softcover, $9.99 e-book—is available at **AuthorHouse.com**.

What's most intriguing about this photo, which was probably taken in the 1930s, is the lovely lady's hairless crotch. This gal is rocking a pubic style that's quite popular today. Back in her era, women only shaved when there were rumors of a lice outbreak. Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"A woman occasionally is quite a serviceable substitute for masturbation." —KARL KRAUS, AUSTRIAN SATIRIST

SYMPLY STUNNING

AMBER SYM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Amber Sym likes to stay busy. "I'm at my happiest when I feel productive," she says. "There's never enough time to do everything I want."

Choosing two professions has added variety to **Amber**'s life. "Every day is different," the model and mainstream actress marvels. "I could be posing for a sexy layout one day, and 24 hours later I'm cast in a horror film where I'm running through the woods covered in blood!"

Amber is making a name for herself with roles in low-budget flicks like *Fort Slaughterdale* and *The Pit*. "I didn't set out to be in scary movies, but it's been fun," the ambitious Floridian relates. "It's been an education too because I've learned so much about how movies are made."

Even in her downtime, **Amber** stays active. "I get restless when I'm stuck inside all day," she reveals. "I love to go to the beach, but I don't just sit around. I like swimming, playing volleyball and taking hikes."

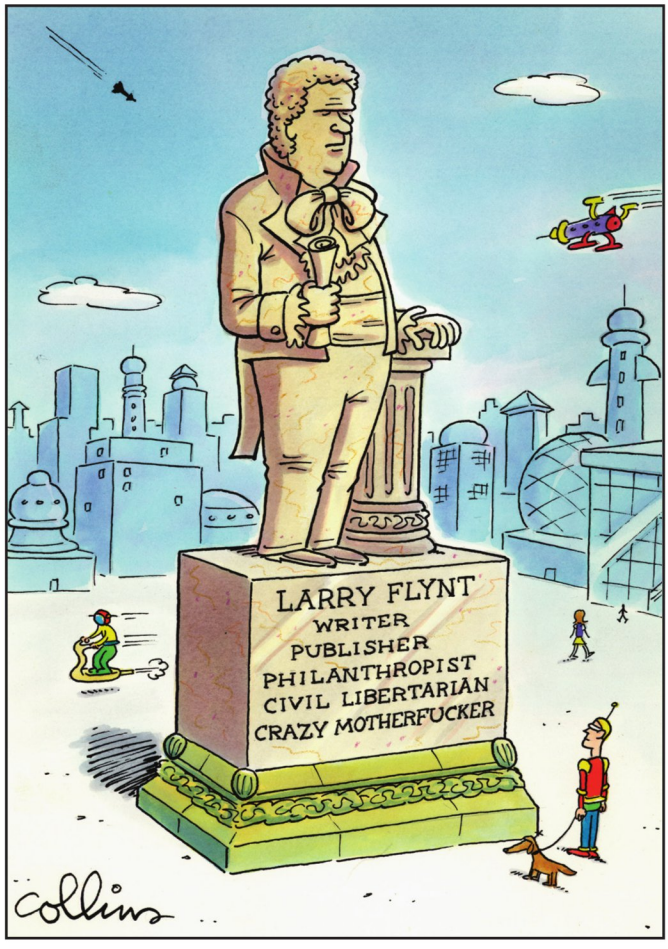
Whatever **Amber**'s up to, the HUSTLER newbie enjoys keeping her fans in the loop: "Twitter is a pretty amazing tool," she acknowledges. "It helps me promote the stuff I'm doing, but it's more than that. Twitter breaks down the walls between performers and fans. It feels like a genuine connection, and I like that."

AMBER'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Orlando, Florida | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 108

"Fire laws say we've got to have a sprinkler system..."

"Bless you."

I remember when President Kennedy was assassinated.
I remember when Neil Armstrong walked on the moon.
I remember when the World Trade Center was destroyed.
I remember when I fucked Jeannie Smith in the ass, then shot my load in her face.



BY BRAD FRIEDMAN

THE GOP "VOTER FRAUD" FRAUD (2012 EDITION)

WHEN REPUBLICANS CAN'T WIN, THEY CHEAT. THIS YEAR'S TOP GOP SCHEME—MANDATORY PHOTO IDS—HAS JUST ONE PURPOSE: MINIMIZING THE NUMBER OF CITIZENS LIKELY TO VOTE FOR A DEMOCRAT.

ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN GENTRY

The Republican Party is once again pretending that Democrats are committing "voter fraud"—meaning people, perhaps tens of thousands, are voting illegally for Democratic candidates. At the same time, ironically, the GOP's own nominee for President—Mitt Romney—appears to have committed voter fraud. And he's not the only high-profile Republican to defraud the very system the GOP claims Democrats are violating. I have evidence of Romney's real voter-fraud crimes. (See companion article.) Republicans, on the other hand, are just making shit up.

Democrats should have seen the "legalization" of voter suppression by the GOP coming long ago. During a 1980 speech to thousands of Baptist preachers in Dallas, right alongside Ronald Reagan and Jerry Falwell, one of the founding fathers of the modern conservative movement was caught on videotape revealing the entire point of today's new polling-place photo ID restrictions instituted in state after state by Republicans over the past year.

"I don't want everybody to vote," Paul Weyrich admitted to the crowd of supposedly moral, Christian men. "Elections are not won by a majority of people. They never have been from the beginning of our country, and they are not now."

Weyrich, a cofounder of the Moral Majority and neoconservative Heritage Foundation, continued: "As a matter of fact, our leverage in the elections quite candidly goes up as the voting populace goes down."

Got that? For Republicans to win elections, they need to reduce voter turnout. And this year, they've legalized their plan to do it.

Here's how: Weyrich also cofounded the American Legislative Exchange Council (ALEC). This right-wing, billionaire-funded nonprofit brings together corporate lobbyists, advocacy groups and state lawmakers to secretly draft "model legislation" that is then pushed through state-houses around the country. One such model is the vote-suppressing polling-place photo ID restriction bills passed by more than a dozen Republican-controlled state legislatures and signed by GOP governors in the wake of their party's 2010 "wave election."

The intent of the new restrictions on voting rights is clear. They are meant to keep African-Americans, Hispanics, urban dwellers, the elderly and students—all constituencies that vote overwhelmingly for Democrats, yet who disproportionately lack the type of state-issued photo ID now required under these new laws—from being able to cast their once-legal vote.

Republicans pretend the new laws are meant to curb a Democratic "voter fraud" epidemic, but they're lying. To date, proponents of the laws have been unable to show any historic examples of polling-place voter impersonation—the only type of voter fraud that can possibly be deterred by photo ID requirements.

Advocates of the restrictions point instead to a handful of ACORN's tens of thousands of low-level registration workers who committed voter-registration fraud. But mandatory photo IDs do nothing to stop that type of fraud. [For more on ACORN, see companion article.] Republicans also point to absentee-ballot fraud. But again, photo IDs do nothing to stop that kind of fraud.

Indiana was the first state in the Union where Republicans successfully instituted photo ID restrictions. During the first election under that new law, legally registered college students, elderly nuns and even World War II veterans were turned away from the polls without being allowed to vote.

Recent surveys indicate that a majority of Americans are misinformed enough to support restrictive electoral laws. But that's likely because they don't realize some 21 million of their fellow, legally registered voters do not possess the type of ID now mandated under the new restrictions.

Proponents argue: "You need a photo ID to buy cigarettes or alcoholic beverages or to get on an airplane! So why not to vote?!" However, the truth is you don't need a photo ID to buy cigs or booze. I've been doing both for years and can't remember the last time I was carded. Neither is one needed to board a commercial airplane. Yes, it might make your life a bit easier, but airlines aren't dumb enough to turn away some 21 million potential customers. They've found ways to accommodate those millions who do not have a photo ID.

More to the point, all of those things are privileges—unlike voting, which is a Constitutional right. Republicans, on the other hand, are hoping you're dumb enough to fall for their anti-American, antidemocratic scam.

They also hope you don't hear about voters like 84-year-old Ruthelle Frank, an elected town official in Brokaw, Wisconsin. She was born at home and therefore never had a birth certificate, which is now required to receive a so-called free voter ID at Wisconsin's Division of Motor Vehicles. Frank, disabled, has never had a driver's license. She is listed in the state registry, however, so for $20 (an unconstitutional "poll tax"), she's been told, she can have a birth certificate issued. That will, in turn, allow her to qualify for a "free" ID.

Sadly, Frank's name is misspelled in the state registry. So it would take an additional $200 to have that correction made. Thus, for a mere $220, Frank—who voted without problem for 63 years—may receive her "free" ID required by Wisconsin's new law…assuming she finds someone to drive her to the DMV.

It's also impossible for Wisconsin resident Bettye Jones, who was born in Tennessee, to get her "free" ID. The 77-year-old African-American recently moved to Wisconsin from Ohio, where she had a valid driver's license. But Wisconsin officials won't accept an out-of-state driver's license for voting, and despite a "thorough search," Tennessee officials were unable to locate her birth certificate, according to the lawsuit Jones has filed. Without that birth certificate, she cannot vote in Wisconsin.

Two court cases have found that the voter-suppression law violates Wisconsin's constitution. We'll see if the state's Republican-majority Supreme Court agrees.

Then there's Dorothy Cooper, a 96-year-old African-American in Tennessee. Nothing in her state's constitution seems to disallow the new GOP law. So Cooper, who says she voted without any problems throughout the Jim Crow era in the South, is now facing one for the first time. Cooper doesn't drive, but she does have a birth certificate. However, she was denied a "free" ID at the DMV because her *(continued on page 139)*

MITT ROMNEY: GUILTY OF VOTER FRAUD?

OTHER REPUBLICAN SUSPECTS INCLUDE NEWT GINGRICH AND ANN COULTER

Prior to becoming the Republican Party's 2012 Presidential candidate, Mitt Romney appears to have defrauded the electoral system. In April 2009, the former governor of Massachusetts sold his home in that state, buying two to replace it: a $12-million beachfront house in California and a $10-million estate in New Hampshire.

In January 2010, Romney voted in the special Massachusetts election to replace the late Senator Ted Kennedy. But Romney no longer lived in the state when he voted there, unless you believe the billionaire was shacking in his son Tagg's unfinished basement, the address he put down when registering to vote, according to a complaint filed by long-shot GOP Presidential candidate Fred Karger.

Romney seems to have committed both felony voter-registration fraud and felony voter fraud, with each crime punishable by a fine of $10,000 and up to five years in prison.

Karger's complaint details that Romney owned no property in Massachusetts again until July 2010, when he purchased a Boston-area townhouse to help keep up appearances for his Presidential run. State law, however, is quite clear. Residency for voting purposes is defined as the place "where a person dwells and which is the center of his domestic, social and civil life."

Yet, according to Karger's interviews with locals during the summer of 2011, churchgoers who used to see the Romneys at their Mormon temple on a regular basis said they hadn't seen Mitt or his wife Ann "in a couple of years."

Moreover, although Romney finally released his 2010 federal tax return, he has still refused—as of this writing—to release his state return from that same year. Why? Because it will most likely show he paid local taxes elsewhere, not in the state of Massachusetts, where he illegally voted.

As for Newt Gingrich, the former Speaker of the House-turned-pretend Presidential candidate declared in a 2009 op-ed, "ACORN has a long history of engaging in voter fraud." Not so. It was a handful of low-level employees—discovered and turned in to authorities by ACORN

itself—who had manufactured fraudulent voter registrations instead of doing the hard work of signing up genuine voters. Nobody ever cast a single vote in any election via an inappropriate registration by an ACORN worker.

In early 2011, Virginia's Gingrich for President campaign submitted a large number of fraudulent petition signatures in its futile effort to get the candidate on the state's 2012 Presidential primary ballot. In a statement aired by CNN in December 2011, Gingrich admitted that "1,500 of them were by one guy who, frankly, committed fraud."

Gingrich, whose tally of bogus signatures was far worse than that of the now-defunct ACORN, failed to turn in the "one guy" who he claimed was responsible. An official at the Virginia State Board of Elections told me that, if true, what Gingrich described is "definitely an illegal act." And earlier this year, an official at the Office of the Attorney General of Virginia confirmed to me "that there is an investigation underway."

Here's a quick summary of other recent serious fraud allegations and convictions against high-profile Republicans:

•In February 2012, Indiana's Republican Secretary of State Charlie White was declared guilty of having registered and voted from a residence where he did not actually live. In a separate civil case, White was ordered removed from office by a circuit court judge, who ruled that the defendant's fraudulent registration made him ineligible to be on the 2010 ballot. It was the felony convictions, however, that forced White out of office. Other than that, he received a slap on the wrist: one year of home detention.

•In March 2011, then-GOP Presidential hopeful Jon Huntsman was also identified as having committed apparent voter fraud. The former governor of Utah remained registered to vote in that state well over a year after he had been appointed U.S. ambassador to China. As the *Salt Lake Tribune* noted: "Huntsman voted by absentee ballot for last year's [2010] general election using the state-owned mansion on South Temple as his Utah residence—months after Governor Gary Herbert settled into the historic building and Huntsman purchased a home in Washington, D.C."

•In February 2012, Senator Richard Lugar (R-Indiana)—who, like Charlie White, hails from the first state in the nation to implement voter-suppressing photo ID laws—was accused by a group of Tea Partiers (who find him too moderate) of having committed voter fraud. It seems Lugar had been registered to vote at the address of the Indianapolis house he reportedly sold decades ago. Lugar hasn't resided in the Hoosier State since moving to the Washington, D.C., area after first winning a Senate seat in 1976.

•Representative Todd Akin (R-Missouri), who is vying for the U.S. Senate this year, has been voting for years, according to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, from a house in an electoral district where he does not actually reside. The property, the newspaper found, is vacant and has been long scheduled for suburban redevelopment. Nevertheless, Akin has continued to use it as his voting address for some seven elections, ever since the congressman and his family moved to their new house 18 miles away. BTW: Akin supports polling-place photo IDs for everyone else.

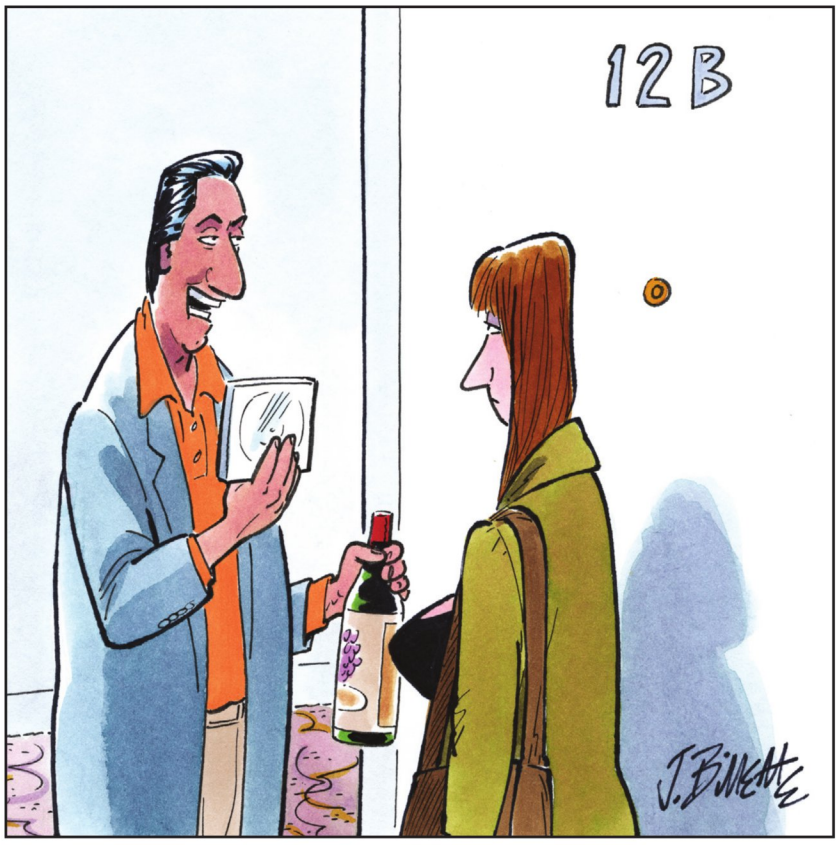
•In a ham-handed attempt to demonstrate that polling-place voter fraud exists in New Hampshire, despite election officials' assertions to the contrary, GOP propagandist and federally convicted criminal James O'Keefe led a videotaped conspiracy to commit just such a fraud during the Granite State's "First in the Nation" primary last January. Unamused, a Republican mayor called for O'Keefe and his coconspirators to be "arrested and prosecuted." New Hampshire's attorney general is investigating O'Keefe on charges of voter fraud.

•In what appears to have been an attempt at massive election fraud, Charlie Webster—chair of the Maine Republican Party—publicly announced Mitt Romney the winner of the state's 2012 GOP caucuses (by just 194 votes) before hundreds of voters in two different counties had even convened. Moreover, dozens of towns that had already held caucuses were fraudulently reported by the party as having had no voters at all. Several months earlier, Webster had named hundreds of student voters as having committed fraud when they hadn't. An investigation by Maine's Republican secretary of state determined that the students were, in fact, all legal voters. Apparently hoping to dissuade them from voting, he nonetheless sent them threatening letters.

•In a hilarious turn of events, religious supporters of Newt Gingrich charged that religious supporters of then-Republican Presidential candidate Rick Santorum rigged an informal election during a secret meeting near Austin, Texas, last January. The confab had been called by "religious conservative leaders" to coalesce their support around a single GOP alternative to Mitt Romney.

Other examples of high-profile GOP voter fraud include, among others, the 156-year sentences imposed on eight top election officials in Clay County, Kentucky, who had changed the votes tallied by electronic voting systems; the guilty plea of a registration firm's owner accused of hoodwinking registered California Democratic voters into switching their allegiance to the GOP in 2008; and neocon superstar Ann Coulter's alleged multiple cases of demonstrated wrongdoing, including falsifying her address in Florida.

Not a single one of the above instances of election fraud would have been deterred or prevented by the polling-place photo ID restrictions Republicans have instituted, or are attempting to institute, in at least a dozen states across the country prior to the 2012 Presidential election. Meanwhile, the epidemic of election fraud by prominent GOP figures continues unabated.



"I was thinking, babe, why don't we just stay at your place tonight and watch a movie? By that, I mean I fuck your brains out while this DVD plays in the background!"

HOT SEX ISN'T ALL THAT DRIVES THE XXX INDUSTRY'S MOST PASSIONATE CAR BUFF.

A Day in the Life of SELENA ROSE

SELENA ROSE LOVES HER DAD. Even though he was a cocaine trafficker. Even though she never laid eyes on him after he was arrested and sent to prison when she was six years old. From that time on, she only spoke to a disembodied voice by phone every Sunday for eight years until that one terrible day the phone didn't ring. Her father was dead. Cancer. He had passed away in the penitentiary hospital a few days earlier. He never even told his daughter he was sick.

"My dad was a good man who loved me," Selena says at the start of our day together. "He made mistakes because he had a hard life. Prison messed him up."

Selena isn't just referring to his incarceration for cocaine trafficking. Her father had previously been jailed for eight years in his native Cuba following *La Revolución*

HARDCORE PHOTOS FROM *SELF PIC* AND GLAMOUR PHOTO COURTESY DIGITALPLAYGROUND.COM

because he disagreed with some of the Communist views of dictator Fidel Castro.

"It was before I was born, and my father never talked about it," Selena recalls. "All I know is that it was very difficult for him. As soon as he was released, he left Cuba and headed to Florida to start a new life."

Unfortunately, his "new life" had the same plotline as the movie *Scarface*: A Cuban criminal leaves his homeland to make his fortune trafficking cocaine in Miami.

"My mom and dad split when I was three," Selena continues, "but my dad still hung around with me all the time. He would take me to movies, to the park. We'd just have fun. If he was leading the life of a criminal, I never knew it. He was always there for me." Until Dad disappeared for a month.

Then a call came for little Selena. Crying and apologizing at the same time, her father told her that he had been arrested and that he wouldn't be coming home for a long time.

"I was devastated," Selena says, "and embarrassed. I didn't want to tell any of my friends. But he was still my father, and we loved each other. So I learned to make the best of things."

Selena's mom remarried, and her new stepdad—a decent-enough guy—tried to take over some fatherly responsibilities. Selena wasn't at all receptive: "I would always say, 'You can't tell me what to do. You're not my father.' I would confide in my dad on the phone in prison, tell him what was going on in my life. He would give me advice and draw beautiful pictures and send them to me. He was an artist. His pictures helped show me that he was still a good man."

But when he died, in the words of Selena's mother, the then-14-year-old's "pussy was on fire." Selena promptly got a more experienced 17-year-old male to dispense with her virginity, then spent her high school years focused on sexual experimentation.

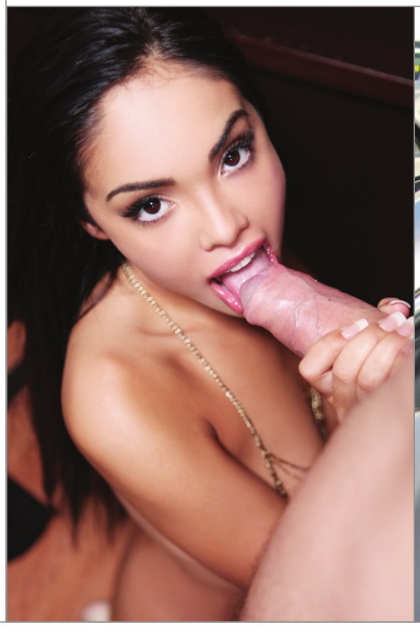
"I liked to be crazy," Selena recounts, giggling mischievously. "I made out with one member of my high school faculty and had sex with another. And I fucked lots of boys—and girls! I loved fucking so much, my mom thought there was something wrong with me. She took me to the church, to the doctor, but nothing made me stop. I loved the attention."

There it is. You don't have to be Sigmund Freud to figure out why Selena craved attention. As she freely admits to me, "I loved fucking, but to know that a lot of guys were looking at me, talking about me, was just as much fun. And it was the best when guys fought over me. I loved the drama."

The horny, superhot teen banged her way through the 12th grade. After graduation, she found a job at Hooters, which only stoked her growing need to be an object of desire. When a porn producer saw some pictures of the busty Latina waitress on MySpace, he sent her an e-mail offering work as an on-camera performer. Selena jumped at the opportunity.

Three years later, Selena Rose couldn't be happier with her career choice. "I love being a porn star," she gloats. "I adore the idea of people thinking about me, fantasizing about me. When I was in high school, there were people who said I was a slut. My goal now is to be the biggest slut ever."

Okay, so the young lady isn't aspiring to win



CANDID PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

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SELENA ROSE

a Nobel Prize or an Olympic gold medal, but a goal's a goal. At least Selena has been able to channel the anxiety of childhood abandonment into a career. And porn is not only fun and profitable, but it also allows Selena to continue exploring her extensive sexually related fantasies. Number one: hot cars.

That explains why I am accompanying Selena to the Petersen Automotive Museum in Los Angeles. "I like to have sex in different kinds of sports cars," she confides. "Looking at the cars here makes me think of all the times I would drive fast with guys in Lamborghinis and Porsches, then pull over and have sex. Walking around the museum really gets my pussy wet."

Now there's a sentence you don't hear every day, but I'm not all that surprised. Selena Rose exudes sex. Virtually every conversation, every move, is erotic. Selena doesn't really walk; she glides like a runway model, prowling every room, swaying her voluptuous body as she licks her full lips, meeting the gaze of every guy who stares at her. Whether strangers or acquaintances, she knows they're all thinking the exact same thing. The real fun for Selena is in the tease.

I ask how she first became infatuated with cars and sex, expecting a filthy story told with naughty enthusiasm. I am not disappointed.

"In high school, a boyfriend of mine was a street racer," Selena explains in a breathy, Marilyn Monroe delivery. "It was really hot to see guys race. All these slick, shiny cars, gorgeous men and me. They all wanted to take me for a ride, and I always went for the guy with the best car. Riding a cock in a car is my favorite."

"But what about older cars?" I wonder. Selena seems equally enthralled staring at classic Fords, Chevys and Packards as she does Porsches and Ferraris.

"I like to fantasize in different time periods," she goes on to say. "Like if I were a flapper girl with a bootlegger. It's easy for me. I live in a fantasy world most of the time anyway. Also, I've fucked guys who were classic-auto collectors. I don't always remember their faces, but staring at these old cars makes me remember the pleasure *and* the car."

The longer we wander through the museum, the more turned on Selena claims she's getting. It's crazy. A '94 Bugatti Veyron gets her wet; a cherry-red '62 Cadillac convertible gets her wet; even the Batmobile does the trick. I'm afraid Selena is going to hurl herself across the hood of a vintage vehicle and have the first public orgasm in the Petersen Automotive Museum's history.

When I suggest we leave, Selena says, "My pussy's still too wet. Let's go to a new-car showroom. I'm having so much fun, and I'm thinking of buying a new car anyway."

Bullshit! Selena doesn't want to buy a brand-new car. She wants to tease more guys. Fantasize. Prove to herself for the umpteenth time that she's the hottest chick on the street, that she can cause a commotion, turn heads, stop everything just by walking into a room.

That's exactly what Selena does. When the hottie sashays into a BMW dealership in the San Fernando Valley, you could hear a pin drop. All the male salesmen's eyes are instantly on her, undressing her mentally, imagining *what if....* It doesn't matter who else is car shopping today. Prospective buyers are being ignored because Selena Rose wants to play.

Later, after Selena has tired of toying with the salesmen, I ask how long she feels she can keep up her relentlessly sexual lifestyle both on and offscreen.

"I know my looks won't last forever," Selena admits. "I'll be with a lot of men as long as it's fun for me, and I look great. Then I'll settle down and figure out some kind of business. I don't want to do MILF porn. In a few more years, I'll try to find a nice guy and lead a quieter life."

"What will happen if you find a great guy who drives a crappy car?" I ask.

"Then the relationship probably wouldn't work," Selena replies with a laugh. "I'd always leave a guy with a Nissan for a Lamborghini."

Gentlemen, if you're interested, start saving.

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. The frequent HUSTLER contributor also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

VICTORIA BLAZE

When choosing her modeling moniker, **Victoria Blaze** wanted something that befitted her fiery temperament. "I liked the last name 'Blaze' because I thought it made me sound hot and dangerous," the Czech knockout explains. "But every guy I meet thinks I chose it because I like to smoke pot!"

Victoria has visited America on a handful of occasions but admits she hasn't totally mastered the English language. "It was easier to talk to old people because they speak clearly," she recalls. "When I was with people my age, they would use so much slang that I was always asking what the hell they were talking about!"

Victoria hails from Litvínov, a Czech Republic burg of 27,000 that has produced its fair share of beauties. "There are a lot of gorgeous women where I grew up," she boasts. "A bunch of fashion models that are really famous in Europe were born there—like Eva Herzigová and Iva Frühlingová."

To make her living as a nude model, **Victoria** must invariably spend a lot of time in foreign hotels. "I fly to France and Germany a lot for shoots," she states. "Paris is definitely my favorite place to visit. It's old-fashioned and romantic, but it's also a very modern city."

Victoria is vivacious and persuasive. "I like to argue sometimes," she notes. "But if everything's running smoothly in my life, I'm pretty easy to please."

VICTORIA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Litvínov, Czech Republic | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 115

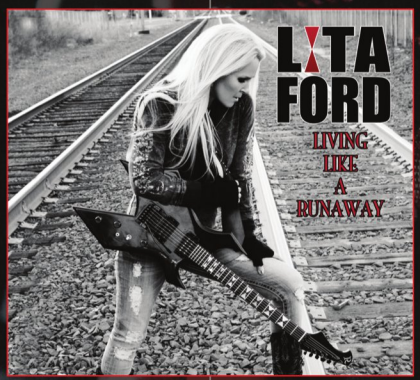
INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT

LITA FORD

LIVING LIKE A RUNAWAY

THE LEGENDARY AXSLINGER UNMASKS HER HEART AND SOUL IN A BITCHIN' Q&A.

LITA FORD IS BACK! The former lead guitarist for the groundbreaking girl group the Runaways and undisputed queen of 1980s heavy metal has emerged after enduring years of musical discrimination, personal battles and an ugly divorce. And she's ready to fucking rock! We sat down with Lita poolside at a Sunset Strip hotel to discuss her former band, polite groupies, working with Ozzy Osbourne and her kickass new CD *Living Like a Runaway*.



HUSTLER: What did you think of *The Runaways* movie?

LITA FORD: I didn't see it. I didn't want to see it. It just felt like it was more of a movie about Joan [Jett] and Cherie [Currie]. It didn't feel like a real, true Runaways movie. I felt like I'd be better off not seeing it because I know I would have my comments. Now when people say, "What did you think of it?" I can just say I didn't see it.

Why did you and Cherie fight so much while in the band?

We just didn't agree on things. I hate to talk about Cherie, because I love her. People always get it wrong and think we're still arguing. We were at some point, but we've cleared up our differences now.

When we interviewed Cherie for an upcoming issue, she hinted at a possible Runaways reunion.

I would like to play with her and Joan again. It's really up to Joan. I'm there. I told Cherie what I would do is find a kickass rhythm section. Whether it be guys or girls, it doesn't matter, so long as me, Cherie and Joan front the band. I think it would be great. Timing is everything, and the timing is perfect now. They approached me about 15 or 16 years ago, and the timing was wrong then. Many years have gone by, and the movie has come out. The timing is perfect.

Do you think a reunion will happen?

I asked Joan what she thought. I said, "You can tell me to fuck off. That's fine. Just give me a yes-or-no answer." She didn't. (*Laughs.*) So I'm stuck.

What do you think Sandy West would have thought of a reunion?

Sandy would freak out. I would love it if Sandy was here. [The Runaways' drummer died of lung cancer in 2006.] As a matter of fact, if she were still here, I would probably have had her in my new band. She abused herself big time, and it caught up with her. There aren't a lot of girls who can play like she did. She was one of a kind. Unfortunately, she's not here. If we do a Runaways reunion, somebody will have to play drums.

PHOTO COURTESY MARK WEISS

What frustrations did you face after the Runaways broke up?

As a solo artist, I wasn't being recognized as a guitar player. I thought, *How the hell can I capture people's attention and really get recognized as a woman playing guitar?* I'm playing the solo, but the camera would be on the guy. It was just ridiculous. Obviously, he's not playing the fucking solo! I thought the best way to do it would be to put together a three-piece band like Jimi Hendrix. I would front it, play it [guitar] and sing and have a male rhythm section backing me up.

I had to teach myself how to sing and play guitar at the same time, which I didn't know how to do. I rented a warehouse and filled it full of my favorite amps and a P.A. system. I would go in there every night and just scream and play and sing. At one point, I took all the frets and dots off my guitar neck so I'd have to feel my way through. Some guitar players just stare at the neck of their guitar. That drives me nuts! Dude, look at something else besides your guitar!

Some people still say, "I love 'Close My Eyes Forever.' Great song. Who played guitar on it?" I just wanna smack them. Then there are people that recognize me more as a guitar player. Some will only see me as a singer. On this new record [*Living Like a Runaway*], I think I'm really doing both. I actually feel like a real singer for the first time.

Did the fashion of the 1980s make people lose focus on the music?

As a woman, you want that. You wanna look good. I love the style. I love to design my own clothes, but it does take away from your musicianship. It's hard to be seen as a serious musician when you're wearing hot pants. It just doesn't work. (*Laughs.*)

Was it a blessing or a curse when "Close My Eyes Forever" became a hit?

No curse, an absolute blessing. "Close My Eyes" was Ozzy's first hit too. Because his music was so heavy, he couldn't get a top-ten hit single. Then "Close My Eyes Forever" came along and went top ten. It was a blessing for both of us.

What was it like working with Ozzy Osbourne?

During that time, I was managed by Sharon Osbourne, and there was a lot of weirdness between Sharon and Ozzy. It was personal between them, but it was affecting me. I had to let Sharon go as my manager, and it broke my heart. But I think she thought I was doing something with Ozzy that I wasn't because he was doing it with everybody else.

Why did you title your new CD *Living Like a Runaway*?

I recently filed for divorce and ran away from home. There are a lot of people that run away from demons in their lives. The title track is a very deep song that refers to the band the Runaways. "Riding in the back of a black limousine. Remember when I was 17." Just being a kid living the life of a rock star. "I never knew where I was going. I never knew where I was gonna stay." We never asked where we were going. When you're in a group of crazy 16- and 17-year-old girls, you just say, "Let's go!" Someone asks, "Where we going?" You say, "Don't know. Don't care! Let's just go!"

What did you do in the 15 years you were away?

The music industry had changed. Grunge came along. From there it went to rap, and there really was no place for '80s and '90s rock. It got rubbed out and became a dirty word. People were making fun of the long hair and big hair. Who fucking cares what your hair looks like? I thought it would be a good time for me to have children.

I had two boys, and I spent those years bringing up my kids. The boys got a little older, and the music scene seems like it has come back around. It seems like the music industry has butted up against a wall and gotten stuck. They are now taking old Bon Jovi songs and putting dance loops over them. What the hell is that?! That's called having nowhere to go. So the only place they have to go is to back up, turn around and go back the other way, which leads us back to rock 'n' roll. That's why I think the timing is perfect for the Runaways and for a new Lita album.

Is *Living Like a Runaway*, which deals with divorce, the ultimate break-up album?

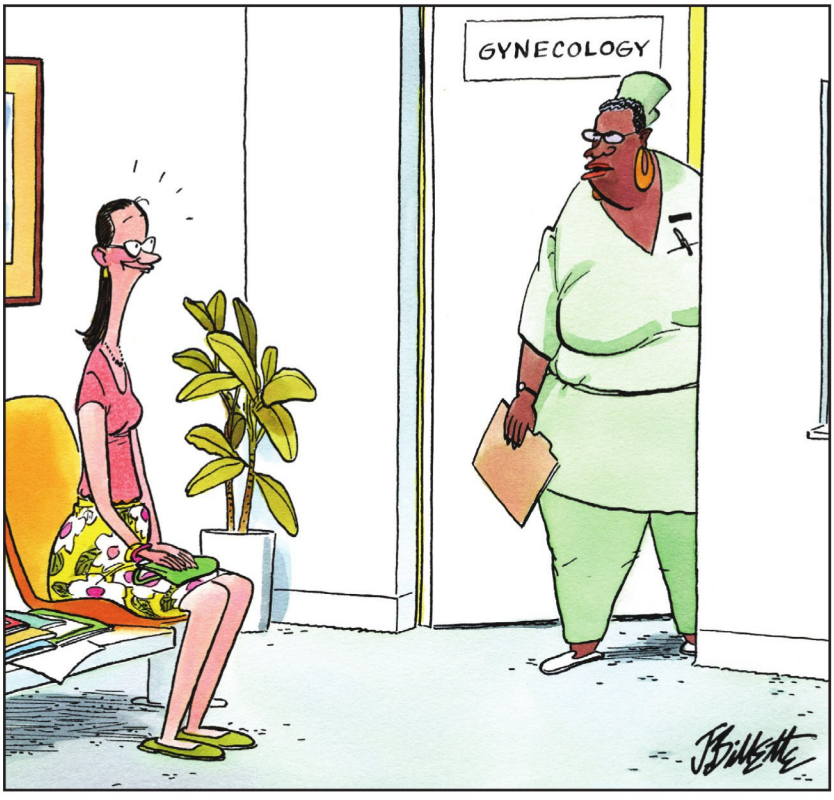
I don't know if it's a break-up album. It's definitely an angry album. My manager called me when I was first writing the songs and said, "Lita, can't you write something happy?" I said, "Okay, I'll try to write something happy." I wrote for a month and came back with the song "Love to Hate You." I told him this is about as happy as it's gonna get! Happy ain't happening!

PHOTO: REDFERNS

The Runaways in the '70s: Cherie Currie, Joan Jett, Sandy West, Lita Ford and Jackie Fox.

PHOTO BY DAVE KAPP

"Giving you great-looking tits would be like putting gold-plated screen doors on a submarine—a fucking waste of time."



"Follow me, miss. The doctor will fondle your genitals now."

Is it easier to write angry songs?

No. It's easier to write happy songs. All these happy songs I hear make me wanna throw up. (*Laughs.*) Even though the album has a dark and angry vibe, it's still an empowering vibe. It's "Fuck you! You ain't gonna bring me down, motherfucker! I'm gonna get through this. So kiss my ass."

What is the song "Branded" about?

This is "Branded" right here. (*Reveals a giant hourglass tattoo on her inner arm.*) This used to say "Jim" (*Nitro singer Jim Gillette is Ford's second husband and the father of her two kids*). I had to cover it up. It's the black widow spider symbol. It's also on my butt; you don't want to see that. From there the songs poured out: "Into the Asylum" and "The Mask," which is about how you don't really know who a person is. I think it goes for a lot of different people.

Is "Mother," which deals with being separated from your sons, the most personal song you've ever written?

It's pretty personal. Every time I listen to it, I cry my fucking eyes out. I skip it when I'm listening to the CD if I have makeup on that day. I start thinking about my kids. When the divorce happened, my ex-husband alienated them from me. So they don't know me now. I'm fighting for the right to get them back in my life. The song "Mother" is my way of explaining to them what happened in case they want to know the truth.

What compelled you to cover Elton John's "The Bitch Is Back"?

It was just appropriate. I listened to it and thought, *Fuck yeah!* I remember that belt buckle I used to wear when I was in the Runaways that said "Bitch" on it. I used to wear it with a silver jumpsuit. Everybody loved that belt buckle. That song came on the radio, and I thought, *I have to do this!* (*Sings.*) "Stone-cold sober as a matter of fact. I'm a bitch."

What is the best part of being Lita Ford in 2012?

I feel like this is my new beginning again. I really get to be me now, and I don't have to answer to anybody. I can just do what the fuck I want. It's great to still be here. I was here before a lot of them, and I'll be around long after them.

Do you have groupies?

My groupies are pretty respectful. It's different being a woman. Female groupies, they know what men want. They want tits and ass. That's it. Men are a little more respectful. A female groupie who goes to a male rock star automatically wears the short skirt and pops out her tits. Men aren't like that. They say, "Can I put my arm around you? Can I kiss you on the cheek? Would you kiss me?" I usually say no. They compliment my guitar playing. They wait in line for autographs. They don't come through the freaking air vents.

THE REAL DEAL

YURIZAN BELTRAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

Unlike many people in the skin business, **Yurizan Beltran** does not hide behind a fake moniker. “My stage name is my real name,” she proudly proclaims. “Everyone tells me I have balls for being so open, but it’s just who I am.”

Befitting a gal whose livelihood involves nudity, the fearless **Yurizan** devotes a lot of time and energy to staying in tip-top shape. “I really love to exercise,” the hottie remarks. “My ultimate goal is to run a marathon; there’s one in Hawaii that seems like it’d be amazing.”

Yurizan not only keeps her body well toned but also strives to expand her mind. “I’m a big fan of documentaries and autobiographies,” she reveals. “I like to learn about real people and history. Lately I’ve been on a Cuban craze, so I’ve been reading a lot about Che Guevara.”

When it comes to *hombres*, **Yurizan** has a fairly distinct type. “I like a man who is well groomed and can make me laugh,” she specifies. “I really respond to guys who are good conversationalists and storytellers. I like company that can keep me entertained.”

YURIZAN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Long Beach, California | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 117

Yurizan's ideal romantic outing is a quiet evening at the beach with a special guy. She's down for outdoor lovemaking just as long as her partner doesn't want to pitch a tent. "I hate camping!" **Yurizan** bellows. "I like the outdoors, but I've gotta go home at night! Camping is miserable. Too many bugs, and they all seem to really like me!"

Trust us, **Yurizan**. It's not just insects that are digging you.

BY MARK JOHNSON

WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE PORN STAR?

GET READY TO CAST YOUR VOTE AS WE REVEAL OUR CANDIDATES FOR THE FIRST HUSTLER STROKERS' AWARD FOR PORN STAR OF THE YEAR.

What makes the perfect porn star? Looks? Fearlessness? A body made to fuck? All of the above, but most important is that X factor that gets you hard every time. Beauty, after all, is in the eye of the stroker. With that in mind, we'll be crowning HUSTLER readers' favorite porn star of the year. Be part of hardcore history! The sex goddess who garners the most votes from our loyal readers will be honored with a glittering trophy and a photo-packed profile.

To sweeten the deal, we're giving out ten free DVD gift packages to random voters. Each ballot will go into a general drawing; no purchase necessary.

Choose your favorite from our list of candidates. If you don't see her here, we welcome write-ins! Fill out the official entry form or just use a postcard, scrap of paper or whatever. If we get your vote, it will count. Long live true democracy!

PHOTO COURTESY SMASH PICTURES

☑ KAGNEY LINN KARTER

Big-boob blondes will always have a home in hardcore. This stunning Texan was showered with industry and fan-favorite awards just two years into her XXX plunge. After a slew of gonzo hits, Kagney Linn's curves are now gracing premium parodies from *Bridesmaids XXX* to *Tomb Raider XXX*.

☑ LISA ANN

Already one of porn's extreme queens when she was cast as the title bimbo in HUSTLER Video's *Who's Nailin' Paylin?*, Lisa Ann recharged her career with that hit parody series. The busty MILF has racked up multiple awards while putting younger chicks to shame.

☑ ASA AKIRA

Naming herself after a Japanese comic book, this New Yorker has shot to the top of the Asian A-list with intense performances and a lack of limitations. Asa has amassed a long list of awards in a few short years, making herself unforgettable in flicks like *Anal Delights* and *Asa Akira Superstar*.

PHOTO COURTESY X-PLAY

☑ BREE OLSON

Even before becoming a household name as Charlie Sheen's cutest live-in goddess, this corn-fed cutie shot to the A-list thanks to her spunky charm in movies like *Not Bionic Woman & the Six Million Dollar Man XXX* and the *Bree's College Daze* series.

PHOTO COURTESY WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS

MISTY STONE

Dubbed the Halle Berry of porn, Misty has become porn's most sought-after black performer. With her natural good looks and chilled-out charisma, she has lent her starpower to such spoofs as *Not the Cosbys XXX* and *Men in Black XXX*.

PHOTO COURTESY DIGITAL PLAYGROUND

JESSE JANE

Digital Playground's premier fuckdoll is arguably America's reigning sex princess. Jesse's voracious performance style has raised the hardcore bar forever in a heat wave of hits including *Pirates* and *Babysitters*.

JESSIE ANDREWS

Brimming with energy and magnetism, this Florida girl caught the attention of porn fans and insiders faster than any newcummer in recent memory. Jessie's born-to-fuck attitude forms the hedonistic heart of films like *Portrait of a Call Girl*, *Taxi Driver XXX* and *Neighborhood Slut Watch*.

PHOTO COURTESY JULES JORDAN VIDEO

SUNNY LEONE

Her star always on the rise—from breathtaking newcummer to Vivid Girl to head of her own production outfit—this Indian beauty might be porn's greatest cocktease, slow to leave her lesbian comfort zone and choosy about her men. Her stellar classics include *The Other Side of Sunny* and *Not Charlie's Angels XXX*.

PHOTO COURTESY WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS

SKIN DIAMOND

The feline, alt-porn allure of this California stunner has added a fresh twist to black and interracial hardcore. Skin has lent a unique hipster elegance and no-limits intensity to eye-openers like *The 3 Way* and *Black Scary Movie*.

PHOTO COURTESY PLEASURE DYNASTY

NYOMI BANXXX

Black is beautiful, especially in the form of Chicago native Nyomi Banxxx. The reigning queen of ebony hardcore has brought poise, stamina and acting chops to a string of standout releases including *Training Day XXX* and her own self-directed *Nyomi's Diary* series.

PHOTO COURTESY DIGITAL PLAYGROUND

SELENA ROSE

This former Hooters girl has given porn a shot of Cuban-American heat. Now a Digital Playground star, the Miami firecracker has turned hordes of men into mindless devotees with scorchers like *Home Wrecker* and *Escaladies*.

UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED, PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

JOANNA ANGEL

This self-proclaimed "punk porno princess" just might be the world's filthiest Jewish chick. The business-savvy dynamo behind hipster porn purveyor Burning Angel Entertainment has collected awards and acclaim for whacked-out classics like *Re-Penetrator*, *Cum on My Tattoo* and *Fuckenstein*.

PHOTO COURTESY VIVID ENTERTAINMENT

LEXI BELLE

This luscious Louisianan plunged into the biz at the tender age of 18 and is still porn's princess of cute. Taking home more awards than she can carry, Lexi has lent her charms to hundreds of gonzo flicks and landmark spoofs like *Batman XXX* and *This Ain't the Smurfs XXX*.

STORMY DANIELS

This Southern belle has become one of the industry's top writer-directors and even explored a run for U.S. senator from her home state of Louisiana. Showered with accolades, Stormy has unleashed a string of great comedy cockbusters including *Operation Desert Stormy* and *Camp Cuddly Pines Powertool Massacre*.

PHOTO COURTESY WICKED PICTURES

PHOTO COURTESY VIVID ENTERTAINMENT

ALLIE HAZE

Known for her cheerleader looks, this Montana charmer ascended to Vivid Girl after a string of award nominations. Allie, who made an indelible impression as Princess Leia in *Star Wars XXX*, has now been tapped as the new Emmanuelle.

PHOTO COURTESY ADAM & EVE PICTURES

TEAGAN PRESLEY

Claiming she got into porn to get revenge on an ex, this Texan has quickly lassoed loads of premium smut awards. After a stint as a contract girl for Digital Playground and some turbulent downtime, Teagan roared back with steamy showings in *Killer Bodies* and *Grindhouse XXX*.

TORI BLACK

With arguably the prettiest face in porn, this Pacific Northwest nymph made history as the only two-time winner of AVN's coveted Female Performer of the Year award. The slender, leggy beauty has lent her natural allure to fan favorites like *Tori Black Superstar* and *Batman XXX*.

PHOTO COURTESY JULES JORDAN VIDEO

BOBBI STARR

This renowned fetish model has blended grace and poise with no-holds-barred fuck scenes. Heaped with honors—including *AVN*'s 2012 Female Performer of the Year—Bobbi considers herself a pro-sex feminist. Her confident presence has elevated titles like *Pretty Ass Fuck* and *The Truth About O*.

OFFICIAL BALLOT AND GIVEAWAY ENTRY FORM

Write in the name of your favorite porn star on the line below. Then fill out the rest of the form (or put your name, home address and e-mail address on a photocopy, postcard or similar item) and send it to **Readers' Award, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.**

Your Porn Star of the Year (print) _____

Name _____

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City _____ State _____ ZIP Code _____

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RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof, a postcard or similar item containing required information must be received at HUSTLER by December 1, 2012. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winners will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winners will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. HUSTLER will contact the winners and ship their prizes at no cost to the winners. HUSTLER will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winners. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

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SIERRA DAY

For **Sierra Day**, nude modeling means more than just a paycheck. "I feel most alive when I'm in front of the camera," she exults. "Since I stopped drinking and partying about three years ago, it's a healthy outlet for me."

The clean-living **Sierra** enjoys traveling, studying massage therapy and spending time with her friends and family. For guidance, she turns to the writings of Eckhart Tolle, the author of spiritual self-help books like *The Power of Now*. "He opens your eyes to the way life should be enjoyed and appreciated," **Sierra** remarks.

When it comes to pop culture, **Sierra** is a die-hard headbanger. "I'm a total '80s metal-rock girl," she reveals. "I was raised on bands like Judas Priest and Iron Maiden. My dad used to blast stuff like that in the car when he'd drive me and my sister someplace."

Gentlemen, take note: **Sierra Day** has very specific requirements for potential paramours: "Oral hygiene is super-important to me. I want a guy with a great smile, good teeth and fresh breath. I like men who are healthy, work out a lot and are driven to make a difference in this life!"

SIERRA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Los Angeles, California | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 125

The Secret Service scandal came to light due to a heated disagreement over how much a Colombian prostitute was to be paid for her services. She demanded $800, according to news sources, but the Secret Service agent involved offered just $30. How depressing is it that the only person who was close to the President of the United States and willing to cut spending got fired?

Question: What's the difference between a woman and a sheep?

Answer: A sheep doesn't go berserk if you screw its sister.

Having gotten the news that his wife was pregnant for the first time, a Baptist preacher stood before the congregation and asked for a pay raise. After much discussion, a rule was passed that whenever the Bible-thumper's family grew, so would his paycheck.

After the births of five more children, this started to get expensive, so the congregation met to discuss the preacher's escalating salary. A great deal of yelling and bickering ensued about how much his brood was costing the church.

When the preacher was asked to speak, he rose from his chair and solemnly declared, "Children are a gift from God, and my wife and I will take as many gifts as He gives us."

Silence fell on the congregation.

In the back pew, a little old lady struggled to stand, then gasped in a frail voice, "Rain is also a gift from God, but when we get too much of it, we wear rubbers."

How's this for a dumb blonde? When she noticed an "Under 17 Not Admitted" warning at a theater, she tried to get 16 friends to join her. Before selling her car for gas money, she headed for the airport one day and spotted a sign that read, "Airport Left." She turned around and went home.

An avid golfer hit his tee shot into a yard next to the course. As he went to retrieve his ball, a man in the yard shouted, "Read the sign! It says private property—no trespassing!"

"I'm sorry," the duffer replied. "I didn't see it. May I have my ball, please?"

The man shot back, "It's in my yard, so it's *my* ball now."

The golfer walked back to his cart, pulled a ball out of his bag and hurled it onto the man's lawn. "What's that for?!" the guy yelled.

"I consider myself a gentleman," the golfer retorted. "And I believe every prick should have two balls."

Late one night, an intoxicated man wobbled into a bar and ordered a drink, but the bartender refused to serve him. After being told to take a hike, the guy stumbled out, then entered the bar through a side door. He again ordered a drink, and the bartender told him to scram. But sure enough, the sot staggered through the front door a minute later. "Hey, get lost, pal!" the bartender howled.

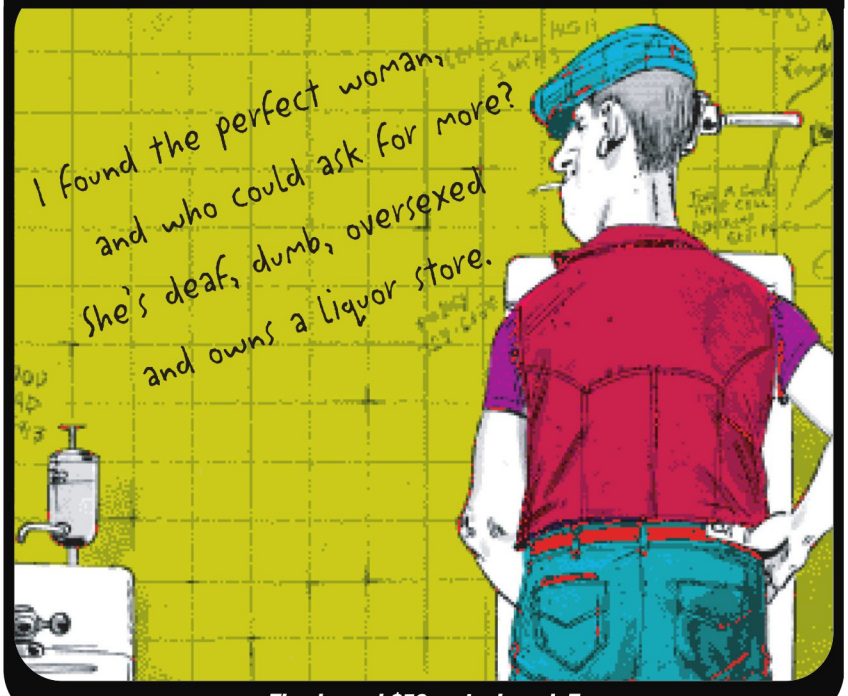
Slurring his words, the dogged drunkard shouted, "Geez, how many bars do you work at anyway?!"

Question: How are a lawyer and a prostitute different?

Answer: A prostitute stops screwing a client after he's dead.

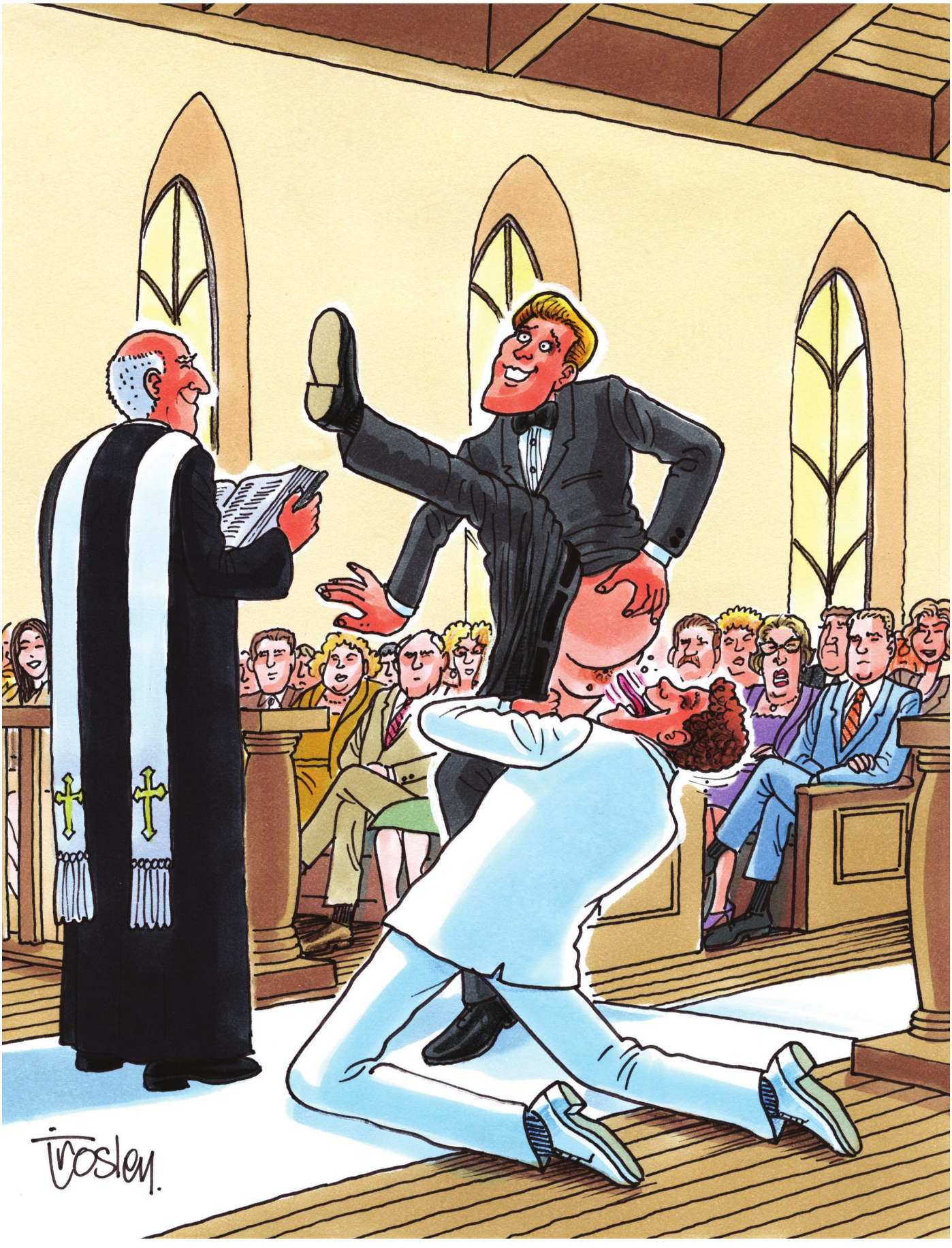
The Secret Service has issued new rules of conduct: Its agents can no longer get drunk, go to strip bars or procure hookers. If agents feel compelled to engage in such behavior, they can run for public office like everyone else.

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Joseph T.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"You may now tongue the anal cavity? They wrote their own ceremony, didn't they?"

BY LERA GAVIN

I, SEX AD

ARE 9 MILLION REPUTED OR HAVE THEY JUST BEEN TO

"You need help!" That's what my friends keep telling me. It seems I have a disease, quite a popular one as it turns out, an ailment shared by as many as 9 million Americans, according to a November 2011 cover story in* Newsweek *magazine. It's an illness so serious that if I don't get treatment soon, I've been told, it could ruin my life.

People say I'm a sex addict.

Every decade, America goes nuts over some freshly made-up malady said to be running rampant through the general population. In the 1990s, it was Multiple Personality Disorder. The panic it created about all those recovered memories of child abuse turned out to be mostly fiction. Then it was Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder. ADHD—the perfectly natural manifestation of teenage boredom—turned into a multibillion-dollar marketing opportunity for pharmaceutical companies to dose millions of kids with massive amounts of speed.

The latest scare is sex addiction. From films like *Shame* to reality shows like *Sex Rehab With Dr. Drew* and cable series like *Californication*, the message is being sent that too much sex is bad for you. But can something we're biologically programmed to do really be that bad? And how do you determine what is too much? It's not like alcohol, whereby one can reasonably say two or three drinks a day is good for you, while a dozen is not.

Just to make sure I really had the disease in question, I took an online quiz called "Am I a Sex Addict?" It was developed by Dr. Patrick Carnes, the therapist who in the 1980s first brought attention to the concept.

Compulsive masturbation? Check. I masturbate so much with my Hitachi Magic Wand that I should have a sponsorship deal with the manufacturer. *Consistent use of pornography?* Check. Nothing gets me off more than granny porn and the sound of ghetto booty slapping against a fat cock. *Indulging in sadomasochistic activities?* Check. Wait a minute! Is enema play considered kinky? The results came back: "You have met a score indicating that sex addiction is present."

It was the confirmation I'd been waiting for. But where to turn for help?

❊

Here in the superficial sex capital of America—Miami, Florida's South Beach, where if you're not getting laid, then you're probably dead—you'd think that Sex Addicts Anonymous meetings would be packed to the rafters. Not at the first one I attended. A dozen or so sad sacks barely filled up a small room in a run-down building in one of South Beach's less salubrious neighborhoods. As the name suggests, Sex Addicts Anonymous is an offshoot of the more famous Alcoholics Anonymous—right down to the abstinence chips and spiritual mumbo-jumbo about "surrendering to a higher power."

A short, chubby man in his early 60s with bloated fingers and dry skin welcomed me. "Hi," he said while gawking at my tits. "I'm Mark. If you want, I can be your sponsor." Not likely. I could have sworn he was once a client at a dungeon I used to work at in Coral Gables. *Didn't I piss on this guy once?* I kept thinking.

The SAA chapter's group leader, Daniel—an HIV-positive gay man in his mid-30s with big, black semicircles under his eyes that made him appear as if he were crashing from a meth binge—issued a short but vehement warning about not using the sessions to hook up with sex partners. Then Daniel asked me to introduce myself.

"Hi," I said. "I'm Lera, and I am a sex addict. I work as a dominatrix, and I want to stop hurting people."

With the introduction over, the rest of the group—who by now were all nervously rubbing their sweaty palms between their thighs—started to talk about their battles with sex addiction. There was Dmitry, a tall, athletic Russian commercial fisherman in his mid-30s who described a scenario straight out of a Tom Waits song: weeks at sea without sex and then coming ashore to blow his pay packet on strippers and prostitutes, a habit he claimed prevented him from forming intimate, long-term relationships with women.

"I want to stop acting out," Dmitry said with a heavy Russian accent, "but I do not know how."

Then there was Jessie, a skinny young chap with a raspy voice and a lisp who read aloud from a book called *Answers in the Heart: Daily Meditations for Men and Women Recovering From Sex Addiction*. "Sex addiction makes us losers," Jessie recited as the whole room sighed in sympathy. Wait a minute, I told myself. That's precisely backwards. From the standpoint of genetics and evolution, too little sex makes us losers.

But my favorite member of the group was Erasmus, a yoga teacher who bore a striking resemblance to Herbert the Pervert from *Family Guy*. He recounted how, for days on end, he would often lock himself in seedy motel rooms where he would furiously masturbate to HUSTLER. "I'm afraid that my addiction is going to kill me one day," Erasmus said. Really? Jacking off to HUSTLER is going to kill you? I'd spent the previous weekend forcing two pre-op transsexuals to fellate each other then fucking one of them up the ass with a strap-on, and here was Herbert the Pervert feeling guilty about whacking off to porn.

I was the only woman in attendance.

When the meeting came to an end, Daniel ordered everyone to form a circle for the "Serenity Prayer." Midway through the prayer ("God grant us the serenity to accept things we cannot change…"), I felt someone's hand moving closer and closer to my luscious ass. I looked to my left and saw Mark, the creepy guy with the dry skin who only an hour earlier had tried to convince me he was fit to be my sponsor. Sex addiction is a controversial issue in the medical world for good reason. Psychiatry's holy book, *The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, has refused to include sex addiction in the upcoming edition because some mental-health professionals say there's not much evidence that it even exists. After all, didn't shrinks once say that both masturbation and homosexuality were diseases?

David J. Ley, Ph.D.—a clinical psychologist and author of *The Myth of Sex Addiction*—believes that compulsive sex is merely a symptom of deeper mental-health issues. "There is not enough medical evidence to prove that sex addiction is a disease," he stated when I interviewed him for this article. "In fact, there is a lot of evidence against it. Studies show that men who have more sex live longer. There are a lot of self-destructive behaviors that people engage in, but just because some people make poor choices, that does not make it an illness."

Dr. Ley not only dismisses sex addiction as a pop culture fad but also claims that sex-addiction professionals wildly

ODICT

SEX ADDICTS REALLY SICK?
LD A BUNCH OF BS?

exaggerate the number of so-called sex addicts in America. He says the 9-million figure specified by *Newsweek* is a "completely made-up number that can be traced back to Patrick Carnes, the patriarch of the sex addiction movement." (Dr. Carnes declined to be interviewed for this article.)

Sex-addiction shrinks counter that, far from being a myth, the phenomenon is all too real, citing as evidence the increasing number of patients who complain of broken marriages and lost jobs caused by their compulsively sexual behavior.

"If you masturbate for hours and have sex nonstop, you do have a problem," I was told by a Miami-based sex-addiction therapist who requested anonymity for fear that being quoted in HUSTLER would harm her practice. "Why would anybody make up an illness? If sex addiction didn't exist, we wouldn't have Sex Addicts Anonymous, sex rehab clinics and support groups. Sex is healthy, but there is always a thin line between healthy sex and overindulgence that can harm you."

But isn't comparing sex addiction to chemical addiction misleading when there are no physical withdrawal symptoms?

"There's no evidence of a withdrawal pattern at all when it comes to sex addiction," Dr. Ley asserted in response to my question. "The only physiological symptom of not having sex or stopping masturbation is that males will experience more wet dreams."

Sex therapists respond that, while sex may not be physically addictive in the way, say, heroin is, it can be psychologically addictive. "Chemical addiction is not the only type of addiction," the anonymous Miami therapist explained. "The major symptoms of abstaining from sex are irritability, mood swings and anger issues. Emotional withdrawal symptoms are just as important as physical ones, and we cannot disregard them."

Ultimately, Dr. Ley sees America's current sex-addiction panic as a way of portraying normal male sexual behavior (85% of self-identified sex addicts are men) as inherently creepy and dangerous. In Muslim countries, men are not labeled as sex addicts for having multiple wives. Males in South America who have many mistresses are considered macho. An outsized appetite for sex didn't prevent Dominique Strauss-Kahn from becoming one of France's most respected politicians—until he was falsely accused of raping a maid in a New York City hotel room. Only in the good ol' U.S. of A. is male sexuality deemed an illness.

Dr. Ley concluded, "When we look at male sexuality as a disease, and when we label these powerful men like Tiger Woods and Anthony Weiner who get into trouble for their sexual behavior as sex addicts, we are turning male sexuality into something evil, something that should be feared. That's not medicine; that's cultural bias."

❊

A couple of weeks had passed since my last Sex Addicts Anonymous meeting, and I was taking my dog for a walk near my apartment when I heard a familiar voice: "Lera! Lera!"

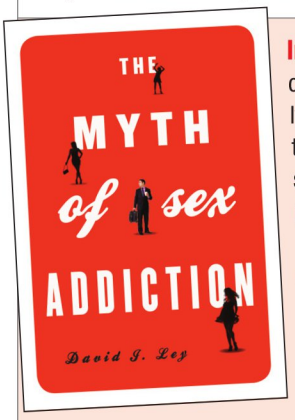
I turned around and saw Dmitry, the Russian fisherman I'd met at my first SAA meeting. "You're missing the meetings," he gently chastised me. "I haven't seen you in a long time. I hope that everything is okay."

Just as I was about to answer, my frisky Rhodesian Ridgeback stuck his velvety muzzle right up into Dmitry's crotch. The handsome seaman turned red with embarrassment.

"Spike, you bad dog!" I mocked. "I told you to stop acting out."

I looked up at Dmitry and said, "Sorry. I guess it's in his nature. And as for the meetings, they're just not for me."

The names of SAA members identified in this article are pseudonyms. Born in Uzbekistan, Lera Gavin moved to New York City as a young girl. She is now a professional dominatrix and freelance writer based in Miami.



In his book *The Myth of Sex Addiction,* clinical psychologist David J. Ley, Ph.D., analyzes everything from science to society as he thoroughly debunks sexaholism—ultimately showing that an abundance of sex actually promotes mental and physical health.

Ley categorizes the unsubstantiated theories promulgating sex addiction as "junk science." For example, according to "sexaddictionologist" Judith Reisman, exposure to porn causes the body to release erotoxins, chemicals transforming and damaging the brain—and the sexuality of porn viewers. But Reisman has yet to provide a shred of valid scientific evidence supporting her wild claims. Actually, studies show that men watching porn desire more emotional intimacy with females, while women utilizing Internet sex typically "explore their own sexual horizons…[bringing] sexual energy back to their personal relationships."

Additionally, Ley contrasts America's general perspective on sex to that of other countries, noting our nation's relative ultramorality. Did you know that infidelity in Russia is considered—even by its leading psychologists—to be a healthy part of married life? In Japan, married men having sex with prostitutes is seen as "boys out for some fun." On the flip side, Ley points out that America's "sex-negative" puritanical environment is a breeding ground for absurd concepts like hypersexuality, which typically classifies men and women with above-average sexual appetites as perverts and nymphomaniacs.

Rather than unfairly judging so-called sexaholics, Ley analyzes why such Americans—usually married ones—make questionable decisions regarding sex. Take, for example, the cop whose wife—also a police officer—found out that hubby was having on-the-job dalliances with scores of female groupies known as "badge bunnies." These numerous liaisons led to divorce and the wayward lawman's dismissal from the force.

But as Ley observes in his book: "I've seen people cheat because they want to get caught so that their marriage can end. For others, infidelity is an escape hatch, a back door, a pressure relief valve, a sense of freedom, or sometimes it's just something that 'is for me, and me alone. Not for my husband, my kids, or my job.'"

Ley maintains that such individuals aren't helpless sex maniacs. Rather, they've simply made poor decisions. They need to take responsibility for their actions then move on to greener pastures. That could involve patching up a relationship or finding a more compatible partner.

Ley's ultimate conclusion is that plenty of sex is a positive thing for mind and body. "In contrast to the days when we were told it would make us blind," Ley writes, "doctors are now saying that regular sex and frequent orgasms will actually make you live longer." Especially men. "Frequency of sex doesn't affect a woman's life span, but her enjoyment of sex does, as women who report a lifelong history of enjoying sex live longer."

As Ley spells out, copious statistics indicate that sex not only improves mood and sleep but also reduces cardiac problems and cancer. Regular intercourse even reduces employees' days off from work due to illness.

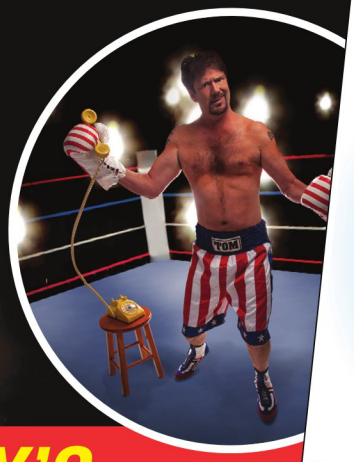
There's far more info in *The Myth of Sex Addiction.* So get it—and enjoy getting it on. Frequently!

To order a copy, go to **Amazon.com**. **—Anthony Petkovich**

BY KIMBERLY CHENG

TOM MABE

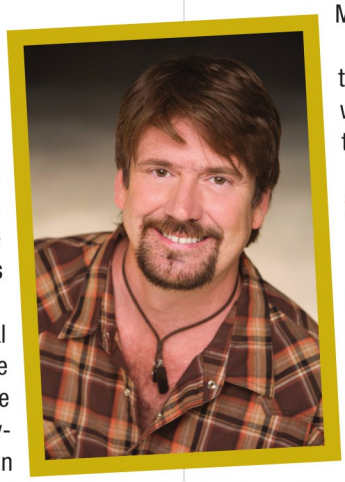
WORLD'S BEST PRANKSTER



THE COUNTRY BOY'S GUT-BUSTING HUMOR FIRST TARGETED TELEMARKETERS. NOW NO ONE IS SAFE.

"MY WIFE'S GOING TO BE VERY UPSET THAT I MADE IT INTO HUSTLER MAGAZINE BEFORE SHE DID," Tom Mabe quips. For the Kentucky native—whose comedy routines have been viewed by tens of millions of people worldwide—the jokes never stop. Telemarketers, customer service reps, even senior citizens have fallen victim to Mabe's far-out pranks.

His primary mission has been to exact revenge on people who are "trained to steal over the phone." Using his vitriolic wit, Mabe fabricates elaborate stories to exasperate telemarketers until they hang up. He tells a cemetery plot salesman he wants to kill himself but has been waiting for a sign from God. "You're the Angel of Death!" the comedian proclaims before firing off what sounds like a gun.



When someone calls seeking donations for a local sheriff's department, Mabe informs the solicitor he can't talk since he's got his hands full building a pipe bomb. But Mabe hit the mother lode when he discovered a telemarketing convention was being held in Washington, D.C. Tracking down the hotel, he called the attendees' rooms at 3 a.m. For some, he requested their scheduled wake-up time because the "computers crashed" at the front desk. For others, he offered to help them save "up to $5 a year" on their phone bills.

What began as a vendetta against annoying telemarketers—who refused to put Mabe on any "do not call" list—turned into a lucrative career. He's not only released four laugh-out-loud CDs—the latest aptly titled *King of the Ring*—but also landed a starring role in Country Music Television's hit comedy series *Mabe in America.*

Now one of the most downloaded individuals across the globe, the lifelong prankster talks to HUSTLER about why he hates telemarketers, how one sex prank went too far and his connection to Miley Cyrus.

HUSTLER: Let's start by saying your pranks are fucking brilliant.

TOM MABE: They *are* fucking brilliant.

There's the Hooters bit, the bikini car wash and, of course, the telemarketer prank with the homicide angle. They're hilarious.

Have you seen the homeless bit? There's two homeless guys sitting outside a burger joint, and I pull up in my minivan. I call the burger joint and say, "This is Sergeant Tom Mabe. I just wanna give you guys a heads-up. We got a couple of undercover agents outside. They're disguised as homeless people. They're gonna be out there for a few hours doing some surveillance work. Can I ask you to do us a huge favor?

PHOTOS COURTESY TOM MABE

Maybe come out and give them some coffee and some cheeseburgers? We'd really appreciate it."

They're like, "Well, can't *you* do that?" And I say, "No, we don't wanna blow their cover. What you can do is just come out and lay it next to them and walk away." Five minutes later this kid walks out [and puts the food down], and I'm just dying, cracking up laughing.

How did you get started as a prankster?

God, I was a weird kid. I lived in Bullitt County, Kentucky, and my first prank was when I was eight years old. We had a big snowstorm, and I built a snowman in front of our house. I spent all day on this snowman. I went to bed, and when I woke up, someone ran it down and killed it with their truck. I was crying, and my mom came out and said, "Tommy, it's okay. I'll help you build another snowman."

So I built another snowman, went to bed, woke up, and they killed it again. And my mom said, "Tommy, why don't you build a snowman in the backyard? That way, they can't get to it."

I said, "No, Mom! The whole purpose of building a snowman is so that people can see it. They can't see it in the backyard!" So I built another snowman, with a hat, scarf and carrot nose. I went to bed around midnight, and I woke up when I heard a *BAM!* I looked outside my bedroom window, and there was a big pickup truck stuck in our front yard. Water was spewing out of the grill. I built the snowman on top of a fire hydrant.

How did you try to top that one?

Well, I was about 13. My cousin lived down the street from me. He calls me up one day and says, "Hey, Tommy! Don't answer the door." I ask him why not, and he says, "They're going door to door selling stuff." I go, "What are they selling?" He says, "Home security systems." Ten minutes later, there's two guys walking up our front porch. My brother and I bust out the front screen door wearing ski masks, and I'm holding a crock pot. And I look over at my brother, and he's got the cat. (*Laughs*.) I'm like, "Really? You stole a cat?!"

So you've been pranking all your life. Were you the class clown in high school?

Yeah, I was the class clown. I was this little skinny kid with buck teeth, and I got picked on a lot. I'm the same height now, 6-4, but in high school I was 128 pounds. I had a mullet with a body perm in the back of it. (*Laughs*.) It was awful. I just tried to have fun by myself. I was always like the Robin Hood of pranks: 90% troubleshooter, 10% troublemaker. Going for things that piss people off, telemarketers or whatever. They made me who I am. I wouldn't go pee on someone just to get a reaction. I'd always try to make the prank have meaning.

How did you end up making a career out of this?

I did music for a living. I come from a big musical family. My cousin Jon Mabe wrote the [triple-platinum] Miley Cyrus song "The Climb." I have a recording studio in my house, and I had been doing jingles and getting into doing themes for a couple of national game shows. But nothing big, nothing to make a living.

I was sitting in my studio, and I remember being financially embarrassed because I had just gotten married. I couldn't afford my downtown studio and my new home. People didn't come to the studio anymore, so I thought I'd work out of the extra bedroom in my two-bedroom house. Every time the phone rang, I would jump and hope *(continued on page 151)*

TOM MABE'S MURDER-SCENE DOOZY

Tom: Hello?

Telemarketer: Yes, can I speak with Tom Mabe?

Tom: Who's calling?

Telemarketer: This is Mike (*beep*). You've been selected to receive a complete digital satellite system for free. With this, you're going to—

Tom: Let me ask you something. Did you know Tom Mabe? Were you a friend of his?

Mike: No, I'm not. I'm just calling to—

Tom: Hold that thought. Hold on one second, all right? (*Away from phone.*) Hey, guys, get really good pictures of the body. Yeah, dust everything down for prints. (*Back on phone.*) Mike, you there?

Mike: Yeah.

Tom: Let me bring you up to speed. You've actually called a murder scene [in Kentucky]. Mr. Mabe is no longer with us. I'm Officer Clarke. I'm conducting a homicide investigation. I want to ask you a series of questions. First of all, what was the nature of the business you had with Tom Mabe?

Mike: I, I had no business with him. I'm, I'm sorry to have bothered you.

Tom: No, no, no! Hey, hold on! Look, I want to ask you to stay on the phone. This call has already been traced, and we may need you to come here for further questioning. This—

Mike: You see, you don't understand. I'm just calling—

Tom: No, no, look, *you* don't understand! Unless you want to be charged with obstruction of justice, it's imperative to keep your ass on the phone, Mike.

Mike: How about you just talk to my supervisor then?

Tom: No, no, no, we'll get to your supervisor in a second! Now give me your whereabouts.

Mike: I'm at work.

Tom: You being a smartass?

Mike: No, sir.

Tom: Let me put it to you this way, Mike. Say I want to mail your ass a letter. What would I have to write on the outside of that envelope to ensure that the mailman will deliver it right to your ass? Geographically speaking, Mike, where is work?

Mike: 40 West (*beep*), Littleton, Colorado.

Tom: (*Away from phone.*) Get the Littleton Homicide Department on the phone. Yeah, give them this information. Tell them there's been a connection with a fatal shooting and aggravated robbery. (*Back on phone.*) Mike, how did you know Mr. Mabe again?

Mike: Wait, you're calling the Littleton Police Department?! I'm hundreds of miles away! I don't even know the guy. I'm in Colorado!

Tom: No, no, it's not that scary. That's just a formality. Tell me, have you been to anyplace other than work then?

Mike: No!

Tom: Okay, and tell me again, where were you last night between the hours of eight and ten?

Mike: I'm not feeling really comfortable with any of this.

Tom: Have you ever even spoken to Mr. Mabe, Mike?

Mike: No, I haven't. I don't even know the guy. That's what I've been trying to tell you!

Tom: Okay, very good. Calm down; calm down. Look, just back up. I've got one more question for you, Mike. As you well know, I'm sure, Mr. Mabe was a flaming homosexual. There's no easy way of asking this. I don't want to embarrass you or nothin', but were you his gay lover?

Mike: What?! No! What the hell kind of a question is that?

Tom: Look, if gay is your way, that's okay. I still know there are a lotta you gay people in that closet. Not sayin' I haven't thought 'bout it myself, you know? Go out to Las Vegas or somethin'. Buy a couple o' drinks, cute li'l Mexican midget.

Mike: This is ridiculous! (*Hangs up.*)

Tom: Hello?

WAYNE KRAMER

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

ROCK 'N' ROLL REDEMPTION

As guitarist for the legendary band the MC5, Wayne Kramer helped invent punk and change the face of music. Sadly, his meteoric rise to fame was followed by years of drug addiction and imprisonment. But adhering to the adage that you can't keep a good man down, Kramer rebounded to become a force in film and TV scoring. He stopped by to talk about his misspent youth, trying to keep Johnny Thunders in line and his charity Jail Guitar Doors USA.

HUSTLER: What was the birth of the MC5 like?

WAYNE KRAMER: The MC5 was born out of desperation and disappointment in the options that were available at the time to me. Growing up in Detroit in the 1960s, it was pretty much set up that you were going to be working in the auto factories. People in my family didn't go to college. The idea of being a musician provided me with the possibility that I could lead a larger life.

Did your parents support you?

My mom was really street smart. She said, "Wayne, if you really want to be a musician, I wanna support you. But this is a really hard thing to do. You'll probably have to work at night and sleep during the day. In these places that musicians work in, there are drugs, alcohol and loose women." If I was unsure before her warning, I was certain afterward that a musician's life was for me.

Did you realize it was revolutionary?

All teenagers are grandiose, so I thought what I was doing was really special. But I didn't really have a sense that the band was doing something significant. I just started to feel like I was part of a generation that was in agreement that the country was going in the wrong direction. Then I started to feel that what we were doing might have some impact.

Were you guys friends with Iggy and the Stooges?

We were like brother bands. I got them their record contract. When the talent scout from Elektra Records came out to discover us, he asked me if there were any other bands around like the MC5. I said, "No, but there's a band you should see called the Psychedelic Stooges." He fell in love with the Stooges and signed both of us.

Was it pure desperation and frustration that inspired both bands?

I think that and the perception that nothing cool could happen in Detroit. They make shock absorbers in Detroit. They don't make art. I felt like the musical ideas we were trafficking in were as valid as anything that was being done in New York, London or San Francisco.

Having made history so early in your life, was it hard to follow that?

It's exceedingly difficult to sustain that original splash you make when you emerge as the new band or the new kid with the hot hand. When you stop being the latest, greatest thing, the whole landscape shifts. Life gets complicated, and you start to see how hard it is to sustain a career and that you have to constantly reinvent yourself. In my case, it was very damaging because I didn't have anything to fall back on. It fucked me up bad.

How did you deal with that?

I turned to the wonderful painkilling properties of Jack Daniel's and heroin. Instead of a lot of problems, I just had one problem every day: where to get the heroin. I went down the drain. I embraced a criminal lifestyle. I found it easier to be a criminal than a professional musician.

Why did you end up in prison?

I tried to make some money in the powders-and-potions business. As a gangster, I was an abject failure. I think I saw *The Godfather* too many times back then. I just wanted to drive around in a nice car, carry a

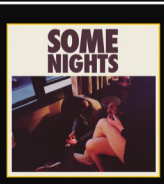
THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

INFECTED MUSHROOM
Army of Mushrooms

If you judge a group by its name, you'd think Infected Mushroom plays hippie jam-music. If you judge a CD by its cover, *Army of Mushrooms* should have been loaded with aggro metal. But if you actually listen to Infected Mushroom's latest disc, you'll be pleased with the spazed-up funk that falls somewhere between Chromeo and Daft Punk.

FUN.
Some Nights



You already know Fun's massive hit "We Are Young" from the various car commercials it's been in. The rest of the group's debut album is nothing short of spectacular. That is, if you're into perfect sing-along choruses wrapped in innovative orchestration.

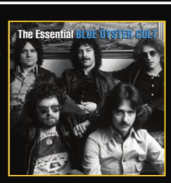
DEE SNIDER
Dee Does Broadway

The Twisted Sister frontman has built a career on taking chances and shocking people. His solo disc is a risky proposition, even for him: The makeup-wearing metalhead belts out a batch of Broadway show tunes. Do his covers of "Cabaret" and "Mack the Knife" really rock? Hell, yes!

BAD VEINS
The Mess We Made

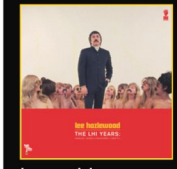
Like the Killers before them, Bad Veins deliver a collection of epic, well-thought-out keyboard-driven rock. And they do it with half the manpower! The duo's latest disc is as punk rock as it is futuristic. Highlights include "Dancing on TV."

BLUE ÖYSTER CULT
The Essential Blue Öyster Cult



More cowbell! The ultimate classic-rock band, the mighty B.Ö.C. (that's Blue Öyster Cult to the uninformed), gets a two-CD best-of treatment. All the classics are here, including "Burnin' for You," "Godzilla" and "(Don't Fear) The Reaper." More cowbell indeed!

LEE HAZLEWOOD
The LHI Years



Lee Hazlewood was the man! Best known for his duets with Nancy Sinatra, the master songwriter, producer and gravel-voiced crooner knew his way around creating perfectly crafted tunes like "These Boots Are Made for Walkin'." This compilation features the best from his own Lee Hazlewood Industries label and a bevy of naked chicks on the cover. RIP, Lee.

DOZEN

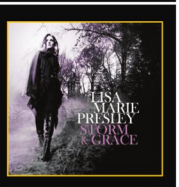
ODD FUTURE
The OF Tape Volume 2

This self-proclaimed crop of "dusty-ass motherfuckers" has released a masterpiece. Odd Future's new CD doesn't just change the game of hip-hop; it flips it on its grimy ass. Like N.W.A., A Tribe Called Quest and Wu-Tang Clan before them, Odd Future is making hip-hop history.

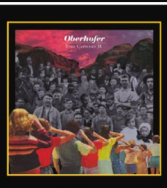
GOLDFRAPP
The Singles

Light and airy atmospheric electronic music is what Alison Goldfrapp and Will Gregory do—and they do it well. This best-of album rounds up the duo's 12 most well-known singles—including "Utopia," "Black Cherry" and "Ooh La La"—plus two brand-new tracks.

LISA MARIE PRESLEY
Storm & Grace



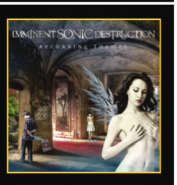
Unlike her two previous albums, which were heavy on slick production and light on soul, Lisa Marie Presley's third CD is an intimate portrait of an artist hitting her stride. Her sultry, smoky voice sounds right at home in this collection of sparse inspirational songs.



OBERHOFER
Time Capsules II

Orchestral bliss? Hipster happiness? The debut disc of Tacoma, Washington, native Brad Oberhofer's group is a daring experiment in sound. Recorded in Brooklyn with legendary producer Steve Lillywhite (U2, Rolling Stones, Morrissey) behind the board, this trippy disc is hard to classify but easy to love.

IMMINENT SONIC DESTRUCTION
Recurring Themes



A dreamy rock 'n' roll journey awaits you on this driving release. Think early Genesis meets early Metallica with a nice splash of Pink Floyd. *Recurring Themes* is worth checking out even if Imminent Sonic Destruction's virtuoso guitar playing and imagery-packed lyrics aren't your thing.

DEL THE FUNKY HOMOSAPIEN AND PARALLEL THOUGHT
Attractive Sin

Underrated hip-hop pioneer Del is back! Actually he never left. The old-school MC's latest album, a collaboration with Parallel Thought, is a deep, genre-bending drive through classic grooves and dope rhythms. Ain't nobody does it like Del.

pistol, go to meetings in nice restaurants and talk about "taking care of business." It was a ridiculous, romanticized mind-set.

What did you do when you got out?

During the four years, I had a long time to think about how I got there and what I could do to make sure I never went back. I came out determined to be clean and sober, live a good life and get my career on track. But I came out of prison with nothing more than willpower. How long is that gonna last? Pretty soon I was up to my old tricks. It took me a while to really find out what I was up against in terms of my drug addiction.

After your release, you started a band with Johnny Thunders. Did drugs prevent it from succeeding?

The really insidious thing about what was wrong with me? My ego told me I could control Johnny Thunders because there was something in it for Wayne. I was going to get back into the music business. He was terrifically entertaining. He would stagger around the stage, and people loved it. I could control the band, so I knew the music would be slamming. Just let him be Johnny Thunders. I thought this could work. My experience as a drug addict told me this could *never* work. Pretty soon I was saying, "If you're going [to score dope], get me some too."

Was Johnny Thunders murdered in 1991?

No. Johnny was terribly, terribly ill. He went on tour to Japan right before he died. Johnny was so sick that Japanese doctors said, "We can't help you. Go home." Did he have HIV or some other chronic disease? I don't know. But when you stick needles in your arms, legs and other parts of your body as that guy did, it kind of comes with the territory.

Why did you move to L.A. in 1994?

The deaths of Rob Tyner and Fred "Sonic" Smith, my two boyhood partners from the MC5, were really a wake-up call. Any fantasies or delusions that I was holding onto—that someday we were going to get the band back together—were all buried with them. My own mortality came into focus and taught me that time is limited. If I was ever gonna do all the things I thought I was gonna be doing, I'd better get my ass to work.

How did you finally get sober?

At a certain point, circumstances blew up in my face. I took it as an opportunity to surrender, make accommodation with my humanity.

Had other members of the MC5 not died, do you think there would have been a reunion?

I think we all suffered from PTSD [post-traumatic stress disorder] from being in the MC5. When that way of life blew apart, it left everybody with broken hearts and bruised feelings. I doubt a reunion would have happened. There was talk of it in the '80s, but it just seemed like an impossibility then. I thought, *Just leave the MC5 as a nice legend.*

What inspired you to establish Jail Guitar Doors USA?

Going to prison is traumatic, especially the first time. After I got out, I wondered for decades what happened to me and how my time in prison changed me. I don't think going to prison changes anyone for the better. Today we have over 7 million of our fellow citizens under direct correctional control, two-and-a-half million in prison. The rest under parole, probation or other forms of state supervision.

Because of my own experience, I've always had this soft spot for people that are locked up. Some guys in New York that I do a benefit for every year wanted to find a way to draw more people. So they decided to give me an award. I said I would only accept the award if they set me up to play a concert at Sing Sing Prison. They did it! I took Tom Morello, Gilby Clarke, Don Was, Perry Farrell, Jerry Cantrell—this great mob of real rock 'n' rollers—into the infamous maximum-security prison. One of the guys I brought with me was Billy Bragg. He had a guitar with *Jail Guitar Doors* [written] on it.

When I went to prison, punk rock merged, and there was the Clash, who were a very politically conscious band. They wrote a song about me going to prison called "Jail Guitar Doors." Years later, there it was on Billy's guitar. He said to me, "Yeah, it's a Clash B-side. You ever heard it? Most people don't know it."

I said, "What are the lyrics, Billy?" He sang, "Let me tell you about Wayne and his deals of cocaine…Oh, bloody fucking hell!" He was so embarrassed that he hadn't put it together that the song was about me.

To celebrate and honor the life of [Clash frontman] Joe Strummer, Billy started an organization in England that uses music as rehabilitation for drug addicts. Someone asked Billy if he could get him some guitars. He thought this would be the perfect way to honor Joe and named the charity "Jail Guitar Doors" after the Clash song. I had a history of activism reaching into prisons with the idea that learning to express yourself with a guitar can be a positive, nonconfrontational way to tell your story. It can be a beginning of the important work of rehabilitation. Education isn't enough. If you educate a criminal, all you've got is an *educated* criminal. It takes a change of heart to rehabilitate. I thought this was something I should do in the U.S.

We've been up and rolling for two years and have been able to get some dozens of guitars into prisons in New York, Texas, Nevada, California and Arizona. Our goal is to aid in the correcting part of corrections.

For more information, check out JailGuitarDoors.org.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

PHOTO COURTESY JASON LEKBERG

SIXX:A.M.'S JAMES MICHAEL

MESSAGE IN THE MUSIC

Sixx:A.M. was never supposed to be a full-bore band. Mötley Crüe's Nikki Sixx, Guns N' Roses guitarist DJ Ashba and singer/songwriter James Michael originally teamed up to create the companion soundtrack to Sixx's book *The Heroin Diaries*. Then something happened. Sixx:A.M. caught fire. Its anthemic debut single "Life Is Beautiful" became a hit on rock radio. An opening spot on the first Crüe Fest told the world that this was a group to keep an eye on. We caught up with James Michael, who discussed playing with Nikki Sixx, the band's future and which rocker made him sing into a hairbrush.

HUSTLER: Sixx:A.M. started as a Nikki Sixx side project, but it's grown into a real solid band.

JAMES MICHAEL: That's what is so exciting for us. We didn't have any goals when we started out. It was just three guys making music together to see what happened. With our first record [*The Heroin Diaries Soundtrack*], I didn't even know we were going to have a single. One day Nikki called me up and said, "'Life Is Beautiful' is starting to get some steam, some radio play." Next thing it was like, "Guess we're going to have to shoot a video." That was cool. Then we were going on tour.

With our second record, *This Is Gonna Hurt*, it was different because by now it had sunk in. We felt like a band. And while we're not a touring band per se because of schedules, we do feel a responsibility to do something live for the fans because there has been an outpouring of demand for it.

When you opened the first Crüe Fest in 2008, the crowd's reaction was amazing.

I'm a studio guy. That's my comfort zone. Being there and having people singing the songs back to us was an incredible experience. I couldn't believe it. Honestly, four years later I still don't think it's sunk in. We're playing the Golden Gods Awards, which reminds me—oh, yeah, I'm in a band! I have to keep my voice in shape and do all of this stuff. I'm excited about the future.

What singer inspired you to rock?

I was really into singers. I loved Al Green. He was one of my favorites, but my golden god of all time is Freddie Mercury. I think that Freddie is single-handedly responsible for me even being in music. He was the one that made me grab a hairbrush and sing in front of the mirror. He pretty much sums up music for me.

Was the recording and collaborating process for *This Is Gonna Hurt* different from that of *Heroin Diaries*?

It was in the sense that sadly we were all so much farther apart. Not personally. Our friendships are stronger than ever, but I'm living in Nashville most of the time now. DJ was out on the road with Guns N' Roses. Nikki had an incredibly busy schedule with his *Sixx Sense* radio show and Mötley Crüe.

Logistically, it was a different process for us. We did a lot of writing via Skype. Nikki and I would grab any little bit of time we could to get together to write songs. Some of the songs took us nearly two years to write because of that. And also we had expectations as to what this next record should be because of what a moment *The Heroin Diaries Soundtrack* was for us. It was a unique record from an inspirational standpoint. The question after that was, "What does Sixx:A.M. do next?"

It took us awhile to wrap around it, coming up with something that would still be special and mean a lot to us. For me, *This Is Gonna Hurt* is for everyone, whereas *The Heroin Diaries Soundtrack* was about Nikki and about us. This really turned it around on people. The fans are saying, "You wrote this about me." It gives me goose bumps because, with songs like "Skin" and "Oh My God," that really was our intention.

While performing, have you ever looked over and thought, *Holy shit! Nikki Sixx is in my band!*?

You know what? (*Laughs.*) When that happens, it's kind of in reverse. It's when I pick up a book like *The Heroin Diaries* and I read an excerpt. Then I go, "Wait a second! This is the same guy that I know?" That's when it gets weird for me. I get starstruck from reading things about him but not so much from being around him.

You guys just released *7*, an acoustic EP, on iTunes. Is that another dimension of the band we may see more of?

That was a lot of fun to do, and I would love to do more. I was talking to Nikki about just going out and doing an acoustic tour. What surprised me was how well these songs translated to a more raw and acoustic thing. We have had some conversations about that, and logistically that may be something we look at doing. I think that our fans would be just fine without the huge production. We're really lucky that Sixx:A.M. fans really look past the surface and dig deep into the messages. That makes it fun to think about writing even more new stuff. When you have that kind of confidence in your fans, the process becomes much richer. ■

DVD DISTRACTIONS

BY TAYLOR DAVID

A selection of killer discs that will make you cringe, laugh or want to shoot your TV.

DEXTER: THE SIXTH SEASON

Showtime's *Dexter* is an explosively popular series that tantalizes viewers with unexpected twists. In its sixth season, mild-mannered criminologist Dexter Morgan has finally come to terms with who he is: a moonlighting serial killer. (It's okay; he murders only bad guys.) But Dexter's existence is shattered when he crosses paths with an adversary unlike any he's faced before—a delusional religious zealot who wages a killing spree in the name of the Bible's Book of Revelation. Jam-packed with thrilling moments and unbridled gore, suspense-filled Season 6 follows Dexter as he's drawn into a life-threatening game of cat-and-mouse.

21 JUMP STREET

This raucous action-comedy stars Jonah Hill and Channing Tatum as odd-couple cops who trade in their guns and badges to go undercover at a local high school. Able to blend in thanks to their youthful appearance, the incognito rookies put their lives at risk to infiltrate a drug ring. Discovering that high school is nothing like it was when they left just a few years earlier, the hapless duo is once again forced to deal with the problems of being a teenager. A smart and satisfying romp.

GOON

This crude sports-comedy tells the story of Doug Glatt (*American Pie* mainstay Seann William Scott), a bar bouncer who dreams of a more rewarding job that will help him gain his parents' respect. When a chance encounter with a hockey player leads to a fistfight that Doug easily wins, the coach of a semipro team sees Doug's potential as an enforcer even though the dude can barely ice-skate. Joining the team with the encouragement of his best friend, Doug will ultimately face off against a rival team's infamous thug—with hysterical consequences.

AMERICAN REUNION

The entire cast of *American Pie* returns in the latest installment of this outrageous comedy franchise. More than a decade since their big-screen debut, Jim Levenstein (Jason Biggs) and his best friends are back in East Great Falls for a class reunion, providing an opportunity to reminisce about their high school years and raunchy hijinks. Needless to say, hilarious moments abound as Jim and company quickly resort to their usual brand of crude, juvenile antics. Fans of the original will definitely enjoy this nostalgic treat, which is teeming with abundant nudity and sophomoric fun.

BY IANN ROBINSON

THE SOUND OF REVOLUTION

PHOTO COURTESY BILL SCOVILLE

ROGER MIRET USES HIS GROUP TO SHATTER THE DEFINITION OF PUNK

Urban decay has given way to suburban sprawl. The once-exciting streets of New York have fallen victim to corporatization and the invasion of chain restaurants. From coast to coast, sprawling cement testaments to fast food and fast shopping have slapped a chokehold on America's independent spirit. Even the music has gotten stale. While the political and social structures fail us, there has been little in the way of music that voices social unrest. Where have all the rebels gone?

Cue Roger Miret, frontman for the iconic New York hardcore band Agnostic Front. He's living proof there are still those who strive to bring about change. When Agnostic Front unleashed its audio attack in late 1980, punk rock was very different. It was a nihilistic and self-destructive movement. The songs, the attitudes, the entire culture were about declaring war on yourself in order to raise a middle finger at society.

Agnostic Front's first studio album, *Victim in Pain* (1984), shattered those ideas by bringing into the fold music that spoke to the opposite side of rebellion. Let's take the fight to them. The landmark record launched New York hardcore, creating a scene that is still alive. The sound was gritty, aggressive and confrontational. As Miret puts it, Agnostic Front was more "*Taxi Driver*-sounding than other bands at the time."

What the hell does that mean?

Look at New York today and then watch the 1976 film *Taxi Driver*. The dichotomy between the city then and now is the fire that gave birth to Agnostic Front's sound. For three decades, the band's cry for equality, unity and justice has become louder with every album released. And Roger Miret is idolized as a soldier, a battle-hardened veteran of street oppression who overcame his trials and dove headlong into delivering his message.

Cause for Alarm (1986) sowed the seeds of the metal/hardcore crossover later perfected by bands like Corrosion of Conformity and Vision of Disorder. Agnostic Front's album *Liberty and Justice for…* (1987) would again turn hardcore music on its ear, bringing a further sense of urgency and heaviness to the musical landscape. Current package-tour staples like Hatebreed owe their existence to that record. Even watered-down and uninspired bands like Avenged Sevenfold could, if they understood their own genre, see how they owe Agnostic Front.

Inspiration, legend or just a great band, Agnostic Front continues to break down doors and get its message across. Miret has relocated to Arizona and is a father now, but that hasn't slowed him down. Outside of Agnostic Front, there's Roger Miret and the Disasters, a band that reflects the life he's led thus far. "The Disasters are my diary," Miret tells me. "If you want to know what life was like in New York or in Agnostic Front, read the Disasters' lyrics."

The life Miret dictates through one band informs the other. The scope of what he's seen and done gives him instant respect from fans and peers. Through that respect, Miret is able to speak his piece and advance his ideals. I ask Miret why there is nothing else like Agnostic Front happening today, why the political side of hardcore isn't what it used to be.

As always, Miret is quick to respond: "There is no element of danger anymore. Everything is packaged now. In New York and all over the world, the same thing is happening. When I was a kid, we policed the city. The cops left us alone; we took care of things. Now, with that control gone, we have lost that danger. When the McDonald's on Seventh and First Avenue in New York came in, I was disgusted. I took a garbage can and smashed out the window in broad daylight because I hated the corporate takeover of the neighborhood."

Is that it then? Are we destined to lose the youth to mini-malls and to wearing a culture's uniform without believing in it? Miret doesn't think so. "There are always passionate people out there," he explains. "Those are the people I try to connect with, and those are the people drawn to us. They can see the passion. People want to be associated with something real. I really reach out to those people and give them respect and, at the same time, demand it from them."

With no end in sight to Agnostic Front's assault on the polarizing effect of worldwide corporatization, perhaps youth revolt can still be ignited.

Iann Robinson has written for *Chord* magazine, *Sound Views*, the *Village Voice*, the *Boston Phoenix* and CraveOnline.com. The former MTV on-air reporter currently lives in southern Ohio with his girlfriend Mirderher of the Cincinnati Rollergirls and dogs Dorian and Sayler.

SEXY COUCH POTATO

BREE OLSON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

During the week, Marilyn (**Bree Olson**) has a grueling schedule. Besides toiling full-time at a toaster factory, she's taking real estate classes and training to be a tae kwon do instructor. When the weekend rolls around, Marilyn barely wants to leave her couch.

Thankfully for Marilyn, she's a smoking-hot chick with an inviting smile and appealing breasts. Because of these attributes, Marilyn doesn't have to go to the world. The world comes to her.

It never takes Marilyn more than ten minutes on Facebook to locate a willing fuck buddy from among her cyberfriends. The latest lucky guy was named Chet (**Donny Long**). He was an aspiring rapper, but Marilyn didn't care to hear his rhymes. All she wanted was to turn the dude's fleshy microphone into her personal plaything.

That's just what Marilyn did, all weekend long—and she never left the couch.

For more Bree Olson, we have a number of suggestions: *Barely Legal #70*, *Barely Legal: Auditions*, *Barely Legal: Straight to Anal*, *Anally Yours: Bree Olson* and *P.O.V. All Stars* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 108 to order by mail.

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Hungry for ***Men:*** *Alektra Blue, Mia Lelani (with Nicole Aniston) and Isis Taylor (bottom) give the government something to hide.*

Men in Black XXX: A Hardcore Parody

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: BRAD ARMSTRONG. STARRING: JESSICA DRAKE, KAYLANI LEI, ALEKTRA BLUE, INDIA SUMMER, MISTY STONE, ISIS TAYLOR, NICOLE ANISTON, MIA LELANI, RANDY SPEARS, TOMMY PISTOL, ETHAN HUNT, XANDER CORVUS, JACK VEGAS, TOMMY GUNN, MARCO RIVERA, ERIC MASTERSON & BRAD ARMSTRONG.

Weird word for the day: *exophile*, meaning someone with a compulsion to fuck alien life-forms. If you're that kind of perv, this movie should keep you happy until you're lucky enough to get abducted and probed. Timed to ride the *MIB3* marketing blitz, this spoof unleashes a bunch of horny crossbreeding aliens on the hunt for earthling dick. Randy Spears and Ethan Hunt play the title dudes as well as you can expect from a porn parody (even if the jokes are from Planet Cringe), but the real fun is the exophile action, especially Nicole Aniston and Mia Lelani as a couple of bug-eyed pixies and Kaylani Lei's triple-titted ET. The always spunky Misty Stone livens up the picture as a wisecracking Woman in Black enjoying her access to top-secret dildo technology. And for the finale, a shapeshifting jessica drake launches a gangbang orgy for intergalactic peace. Full of silly special effects, raunchy inspiration and goofy characters, *Men in Black XXX* will stroke your freaky inner exophile whether you knew you had one or not. ***—M.J.***

***Avengers** assemble! Brooklyn Lee, Lexi Swallow (with Danni Cole, below right) and Chyna (bottom) pool their powers.*

Avengers XXX: A Porn Parody

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: BROOKLYN LEE, CHYNA, PHOENIX MARIE, DANNI COLE, LEXI SWALLOW, ERIC MASTERSON, LEXINGTON STEELE, BRENDON MILLER & XANDER CORVUS.

We have reached the porn-parody singularity, where the laws of entertainment break down. Spoofs now come out at the same time as the movies they're ripping off. We're through the looking glass, people! Any day now, Hollywood will start remaking…we mean, spoofing…fuck flicks. In the meantime, marvel at the weirdness in this costume orgy. Brooklyn Lee as Black Widow heats up the latex fucking fellow villain Hawkeye in a standard scene. (It turns out superheros screw like regular porn stars.) Nick Fury gets to cornhole Sharon Carter (embodied by Phoenix Marie). But, for some reason, Ms. Marvel (Lexi Swallow) in an eat-out session with The Scarlet Witch (Danni Cole) hit our geek reflex even harder. As for Chyna as She-Hulk, it's beyond good and evil, which means we're not sure what the hell to say about it. For what it's worth, this cockbuster puts all the money on the screen, with glossy lighting, music and special effects wrapped around the wooden acting like an ill-fitting bodysuit. ***—M.J.***

Retro girls Selina St. Claire (left and bottom) and Vanessa Lane kill time until ***The Artist*** *shows up on Netflix.*

This Ain't the Artist XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTORS: VARIOUS. STARRING: KATIE MORGAN, KANDI BARBOUR, MARLENE WILLOUGHBY, MARCIA MINOR, DEBORAH GRANT, VANESSA LANE, SELINA ST. CLAIRE, SAMMIE RHODES, VERONICA RAYNE, JASPER, RENO, ALEC METRO, SEAN RIDER & STEVE AUSTIN.

We've seen plenty of "This Ain't" movies, but this time the title is truer than ever. This *ain't* really a direct spoof of *The Artist*; it's a compilation of scenes shot in the movie's nostalgic style. And in case you don't know what the hell we're talking about, *The Artist* is the silent French flick that won 2011's Best Picture Oscar because most of Hollywood wants to kiss power producer Harvey Weinstein's ass. The backside they should *really* want to plant their lips on, of course, is porn celeb Katie Morgan's. She knows how to do *everything* in the French style (filthy, in other words). Her lesbian scene as a '20s flapper is like a vintage dirty postcard come to life. Vanessa Lane and Veronica Rayne prove that the classic pinup look will never die, but nothing beats Selina St. Claire's hardcore impersonation of '50s stag film legend Bettie Page. Let's face it, when we finally learn to time travel, more of us will be trying to bang Bettie than save JFK. Sure, Hollywood likes to act like it's the center of the world, but if there's one thing Tinseltown can't compete with, it's those three little *X*s. Get *This Ain't the Artist XXX* now on page 108. ***—M.J.***

*Sierra Banxxx (top left), Skin Diamond (top right) and Amber Steel test-run the **Drilling** equipment.*

Black Ass Anal Drilling

WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: TB. STARRING: LEILANI LEEANNE, SKIN DIAMOND, SIERRA BANXXX, AMBER STEEL, FLASH BROWN, JON Q., JON JON, WESLEY PIPES & MR. MARCUS.

Ah, the tantalizing subtlety of porn titles. How do they do it? Not to destroy the mystery, but this one is about the backsides of African-American women being treated rather passionately. Actually, they get drilled like the last oil well on a fucking planet of SUVs. Lovely Leilani Leeanne warms up the rectal rampage with some fine polesitting before taking a throatful of cum. Slender Skin Diamond gets her colon straightened out in a scene that is a sheer marvel of rectal relaxation. No to be outdone, Sierra Banxxx and Amber Steel (not to be confused with the buff fetish star) each take on a two-pack of dick for some impressive double-penetration work that seriously should be an Olympic discipline. This ain't no big-booty flick; all of the black butts on this disc are sweet, athletic bubbles that you know are just as tight as a Texas gusher cap. It's a fine piece of skinema, but that title is still open to interpretation. ***—M.J.***

The Truth About O

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: ERNEST GREENE. STARRING: BOBBI STARR, ASA AKIRA, JUSTINE JOLI, KRISSY LYNN, NINA HARTLEY, JESSIE ANDREWS, CLAIRE ADAMS, JAMES DEEN, MICHAEL VEGA, DANNY WYLDE & NAT TURNHER.

The latest chapter in Ernest Greene's retelling of the sub-dom classic *The Story of O* is another weird trip down the rabbit hole of BDSM. This isn't the old hostage-in-a-basement-style bondage. This is the classy, candy-colored dungeon type, with just as much loving attention given to the rituals of restraint as to submitting the submissives to serious penetration when they can least object. Bobbi Starr as O is a sex slave with a mission: find the perfect human sex toy for her master. Justine Joli and Krissy Lynn turn in fine bound auditions, but they're just warm-ups for Bobbi's anal submission in ropes. As O puts it, "A true slave wants whatever brings her owner the greatest pleasure." Wild girl Jessie Andrews may not seem like a sub-dom natural, but once you see her get spanked you'll praise the brilliant casting. And Asa Akira's bound buttfuck is like a perfectly wrapped gift. This movie has its ponderous parts, but the rewards are copious: Gorgeous submissives get tied up, gagged, suspended, spanked, tickled and teased until they beg to get fucked. In the words of O, "Don't settle for less than you deserve." ***—M.J.***

***The big O:** Asa Akira and Bobbi Starr explore inversion therapy.*

*Kita Zen (top), Asa Akira and Mia Lelani (right) campaign for the **Asian Party**.*

Asian Party Sluts #3

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: ASA AKIRA, MIA LELANI, LUCKY STARR, EVITA POZZI, KITA ZEN, CECE STONE, DERRICK PIERCE, MARCO BANDERAS, ROCCO REED & OTTO BAUER.

You've asked yourself over and over: What can I say about Asian party sluts that hasn't been said a million times? You already figured out they're Asian, they party and they're sluts. Now for the in-depth research: Dirty blonde Mia Lelani appears to have a great memory, running through all the standard positions and even remembering to do a phony, stereotypical accent with her mouth full of semen. Lucky Starr is open-minded enough to spread her legs for non-Asian blonde Evita Pozzi and even has the decency not to boast that her tiny natural tits are sexier than Evita's overkill boob job. Pudgy, pear-shaped Kita Zen has the weird skill of boosting her sex appeal by being a bossy little bitch. Luscious lotus Asa Akira manages to execute a great standing naked split after drinking all the booze in the bar. And CeCe Stone proves that if a girl can lay there, moan and talk about her pussy enough, she can be part of an important cultural study. Now you'll never be tongue-tied when it comes to talking about Asian party sluts. Still, feel free to pick up this disc and confirm our results for yourself. Order it now on page 108. ***—M.J.***

VIRGIN RUNAWAYS

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Life on the streets is hard, even for these three gorgeous gals. For weeks, Candy (**Mandy Armani**) hasn't slept in the same bed two nights in a row. After a few restless evenings on a park bench, the homeless waif is so desperate for a shower that she hooks up with the first dude she sees. The lucky guy, Alec (**Eric Swiss**), happily lets Candy clean up. In appreciation, she shows him how dirty a ravishing runaway like her can be.

Then there's Chloë (**Zoey Ray**). Fresh from a quarrel with her mother, the babe abandons the cozy confines of the family apartment and hits the road. Lo and behold, Chloë meets kindhearted Jay (**Lee Stone**), who invites her back to his place for a one-on-one, genital-to-genital counseling session.

Corrina (**Karina White**) can't bear to live with her twisted parents any longer, but thankfully she knows right where to run—across the street. Having always lusted for her older neighbor Mario (**Marco Banderas**), the tart wonders if the feeling is mutual. Corrina is delighted to learn that Mario is indeed very interested in her, particularly in parts of her body where a penis can be easily inserted.

WELCOME TO
NORTH CAROLINA
WHERE Y'ALL CAN MARRY
YOUR COUSIN AS LONG AS
THEY AIN'T A HOMO
J. Billette

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

DREA

Up for eyeballing a self-professed little brat? Meet Drea, 19, a topless dancer from Painesville, Ohio, who's as petite as she is adorable. "I'm a bubbly, outgoing person," reveals the 4-foot-8 sprite, "and I love to try new things—like modeling nude!" Drea, an ex-cheerleader whose viewing habits are topped by horror movies and TV's *The Secret Life of the American Teenager*, is also into "hanging out with my friends," football, basketball, running and sharing a few secrets. "I like the teasing part of sex, using chocolate and having my hair pulled," the R&B and rap fancier confides. Straight and single, Drea muses, "I think I'd be a good girlfriend. I'm fun to be around, I know how to relax, and I have excellent communication skills." We're short of breath! —Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

ICCY

"I feel that if you want to be noticed, there's no better place to make that happen than HUSTLER Magazine," proclaims Iccy, 27, of Tignall, Georgia. "I'm outgoing, adventurous and strong-minded, and I like getting dirty." It appears that the 5-foot-7 poetry, drawing and weightlifting aficionada has coined a double entendre. "I make headstones at a granite shed," Iccy elaborates, "but I get even dirtier once I discard my work clothes. Let's just say that when it comes to sex, I'm a freak. I love to be dominated, and the rougher the better." We'll add spontaneous and uninhibited to Iccy's credentials but not prissy, which rhymes with her name. "My most memorable sexual adventure," Iccy recalls, "was when me and an ex of mine did the deed on the front seat of his friend's car going down the interstate with the guy driving us. I have always enjoyed doing the girls-gone-wild thing." Except with respect to foliating her vulva with fuzz. "Hair only gets in the way," Iccy reckons. She's much fonder of junk food, hard rock (Apocalyptica, Breaking Benjamin, Three Days Grace, Chevelle) and hard-core videos. "Porn is the only thing I watch on TV," Iccy owns up. Besides wanting to meet Larry Flynt, Iccy has a freakier desire: "My sexual fantasy is to be raped by someone I would really want to have sex with." —Photos by Friend

SABRINA

"Thank you for the opportunity to be part of your amateur showcase," announces Sabrina, 31, a "bubbly and very sexual" nurse from Louisville, Kentucky. "It's been a fantasy of mine to be in HUSTLER Magazine. My husband is gonna be so proud knowing I'll be naked for all to see. I love being naked! It turns us both on." But the 5-foot-4 Bluegrass Stater has other pertinent info to get off her perky chest. "My favorite TV show is *Missing*," Sabrina discloses. "My favorite actress is Ashley Judd, a fellow Kentuckian. My favorite singers are Britney Spears and Jason Aldean; my favorite rock band is Daughtry; and my hobbies are horseback riding, swimming and taking very good care of my man's sex life. He doesn't mind that I'm a terrible cook." Meanwhile, Sabrina has some naughty scenarios on *her* mind: "One of my fantasies is having sex with my husband and his best friend. I'd also like to have sex with my husband and a girl. I love sucking dick *and* eating pussy." —Photos by Husband

AMANDA

"I love modeling nude for my husband and dancing around with nothing on but a Marilyn Manson CD," raves this "extremely contented housewife" from Sevierville, Tennessee. "Now I can show the world how hot I am. I get wet thinking about HUSTLER's readers getting off to my pics." Amanda, who'll be blowing out 20 birthday candles in December, is a ribald missus: "I'm the shy type until I step into the bedroom, where my true freak takes over. First of all, my hubby knows exactly how to eat pussy and make me squirt. Then we finish with doggy-style fucking. I absolutely love how he stretches my cunt with his huge cock while grabbing my hips and slapping my gorgeous ass until our bed is soaked with sweat and cum." The 5-foot-6 newbie adds, "When I'm not being a nympho, I'm a nature girl. I love hiking and running. I also enjoy reading books by Laurell K. Hamilton and Anne Rice and watching crime shows, comedies and action films." For her finale, Amanda coos, "I have the hots for Asian women. Being straight-up bi, I'd love to have a fourway with Lucy Liu, Marilyn Manson, hubby and myself." —Photos by Husband

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

TIFFANY & NATASHA

We've said it before, and it bears repeating: Two bare-ass Beavers are better than one, especially when both are bona fide dreamboats. Back for side-by-side encores are "adventurous and spontaneous" Tiffany, 22, from Sunrise, Florida, and Natasha, a "flirty, sweet, outgoing and seductive" denizen of Federal Way, Washington, who'll be turning 22 in December. Bush-sporting Tiffany's kicks include "singing, rollerblading, watching *That '70s Show* and straight sex," while 5-foot-7 Natasha—she's two inches taller than her sidekick—digs "kickboxing, scuba diving, giving blowjobs and muff-diving." Although going lesbo for us was a no-no—it would have been epic—Tiffany and Natasha share a pair of virtues. Each hottie loves getting manhandled in the doggy-style position and posing nude for HUSTLER readers. Bravo! —Photos by Friend

"I like it natural down there."

"I used to be a flirty cheerleader, but ditching the sweater, skirt and pom-poms gives people a better reason to cheer."

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(continued from page 37)

last name is different from the one on her birth certificate. Cooper made the mistake of getting married at one point during her long life. She can no longer find her marriage certificate to prove she's the same individual listed on her birth certificate. Mission accomplished for Tennessee's GOP.

In Pennsylvania, where Republicans took over the legislature and executive branch in 2010, the story is the same. "It isn't free to vote anymore," said 90-year-old Joyce Block, who hasn't missed an election in 70 years. Block was lucky enough to find someone to drive her 30 minutes to the nearest Pennsylvania Department of Transportation office, where she presented her birth certificate, marriage certificate, the deed to her house, IRS refund stubs and more. But because her marriage certificate is in Hebrew, the clerk couldn't confirm that Block—who was born just two years after women were granted the Constitutional right to vote—was really the person she said she was.

Block had never had a problem voting until now. "We're not silly," she told me. "We know why this is being done—to disenfranchise the people that usually vote Democratic."

Block's grandson-in-law is Det Ansinn, Borough Council president in Doylestown, Pennsylvania. As far as he's concerned, "You're going to have, in November, all these folks coming to the polls who will not be able to vote."

In Pennsylvania, a key swing state, the elderly aren't the only ones who are going to have problems voting. Student IDs are only allowed for voting purposes if they have an expiration date. Conveniently enough for Republicans, the IDs issued by the largest colleges and universities in the state—including Penn State and Temple University—do not have expiration dates. Students are one of Barack Obama's most reliable voting blocs.

In South Carolina, where Republicans passed a similar law, data supplied by the state show that African-Americans are 20% more likely than white voters to lack the type of photo ID now required to vote at the polls.

Meanwhile, in Texas—according to state data—at least 175,000 Hispanic registered voters do not have a driver's license or state-issued ID required by the Lone Star State's new law. Unless they have some other form of acceptable identification, nondriving, previously legal voters will now have to find a way to travel to the nearest Texas DMV for their "free" ID.

Remember the words of Moral Majority cofounder Paul Weyrich: "Our leverage in the elections quite candidly goes up as the voting populace goes down."

It's that simple. Unless these Republican-railroaded laws are blocked before Election Day 2012, it'll be mission accomplished for those willing to do anything to undermine democracy, the most basic of all American values.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist and political commentator. Besides cohosting radio's nationally syndicated *Green News Report*, he is the executive editor and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).

"This week, we will discuss ethics and its importance in professional and private life. Girls that come to class braless will be given extra credit!"

"I was this close to having a threesome last night! All I needed was a couple of women!"

Lana Paige

AGE: 27

LOCATION: TAMPA, FLORIDA

Twitter Profile: **@LanaPaigeXXX**

Born and raised in Washington, D.C., Lana Paige liked to don the shortest skirts allowed at her Catholic high school. "I was something of a wild child," the 5-foot-6 blonde recalls. "I definitely tested boundaries with my teachers. I chased and caught the cutest boys, but I still found time to study and get straight A's."

When Lana turned 16, her parents bought her a red convertible BMW, which made the already wildly popular student even more of a social butterfly. "My girlfriends and I ditched classes when we could get away with it," Lana fesses up. "We were always on the hunt for guys. They nicknamed us the Wolf Pack." She was also voted "Most Likely to Make It in Hollywood" by her class.

Now calling Florida home, the "up-and-coming porn star and model" is working hard to look her best in front of the camera. That means keeping her fabulous physique in tip-top shape. "I do a lot of running on the beach," leggy Lana discloses. "I also like tanning and anything that has to do with Hello Kitty."

But Lana has some kicks that are much more provocative: "So far I have seven piercings, and I love having them played with. I also like hair-pulling and being scratched. Rough sex is what I'm into. Dominating and being dominated really turn me on."

As for her sexual fantasies, Lana admits she's fulfilled all but one: "I plan to go naked skydiving soon!"

PHOTOS BY DDG PHOTOS

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Social Media? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to ***HUSTLER@LFP.com***.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

INDIA DIAMONDZ

AGE: 37

LOCATION: New Jersey

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

India Diamondz is a true Cougar when it comes to having a yen for men in their early 20s. But that doesn't mean the exotic dancer and model will turn away an older gentleman interested in pleasing her. "I love having sex for hours if not all night long," India proudly informs us. "That's why I'm mostly attracted to younger guys who have all the energy in the world. As for men around my age, they have more experience and usually don't need to be directed in any way."

India does have a stringent requirement for any man who shares her bed: He'd better have a sense of humor and some pizzazz. "If you can make me laugh," the 5-foot-3 bombshell notes, "you'll most definitely win me over. Of course, I do love a handsome man who takes care of himself as much as I do. But if he's a bore, I can't do anything with him. I need a funny, good-looking guy who is just as crazy and spontaneous as I am."

For those lucky enough to make the cut, India has one more quirk: The "100% Puerto Rican" is a firm believer in expressing exactly how to make her really sizzle. "I'm not afraid to tell a man what I want him to do and what will make me climax over and over," she confides.

As energetic as she is tantalizing, India marvels, "I'm 37 years young, but I feel like I'm still in my 20s. I love sex more than ever, and dancing helps keep me in shape, so I love doing what I do for a living. I have a saying: Only the sexy survive."

India Diamondz transcends sexy.

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*.

PHOTOS BY DDG PHOTOS

COUGARS UNLEASHED

BY DANIEL ARBERRY

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

STUDENT ENDURES DETENTION FROM HELL

LOCKED UP FOR NEARLY FIVE DAYS WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER, A **UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO** STUDENT DRINKS HIS OWN URINE TO STAY ALIVE.

Daniel Chong didn't know what he was getting himself into when he arrived at a house party with friends on April 20, 2012. Like many college kids, he had intended to get high on the unofficial National Marijuana Celebration Day. Instead, Chong would languish in a 5-by-10-foot windowless cell without food, water or a toilet.

Chong was one of nine people arrested when the Drug Enforcement Administration raided his friend's San Diego residence the following morning. The raid netted 18,000 Ecstasy pills, marijuana, hallucinogenic mushrooms, a Russian rifle, two handguns and thousands of rounds of ammunition. Seven arrestees were booked at the county jail. One was released.

DEA agents who questioned Chong, a UCSD engineering major, admitted he had been "in the wrong place at the wrong time." One agent even promised to drive the 24-year-old senior home. But even though no criminal charges were filed, Chong was confined—his hands cuffed behind his back—until April 25. "I had to recycle my own urine," Chong told the *San Diego Union Tribune*. "I had to do what I had to do to survive."

Chong was held in conditions that would legally qualify as torture. In addition to being deprived of basic necessities, he spent at least two days and nights in complete darkness. All he had was a blanket. Through a crack beneath the door, he saw shadows and heard muffled voices along with the opening and closing of doors. After 48 hours of imprisonment, Chong began to hallucinate. He cried for help, kicked the door, did everything he could think of to get someone's attention. "I was completely insane," he recalled, but no one came.

According to the *New York Times*, Chong imagined "'little Japanese cartoon characters telling me what to do.' He clawed at the walls, convinced that they contained messages about where to find water."

Thinking he would die anyway, Chong tried to kill himself. He broke the lens of his glasses with his teeth and used the shards to cut his wrists, then attempted to carve "Sorry Mom" across his arm. A nurse reportedly found glass lodged in his throat. Chong claimed that, in his delirious state, he tried to eat his glasses.

During his nightmare, Chong found a white powdery substance wrapped in his blanket and ingested it. The substance turned out to be methamphetamine, which the DEA says was inadvertently left there.

When his jail door finally swung open, Chong was hours away from death. His kidneys were close to failing, he was badly dehydrated, and he had a perforated esophagus. He spent three days in intensive care at Sharp Memorial Hospital. "When they opened the door, one of them said, 'Here's the water you've been asking for,'" Chong told the *Union Tribune*. "But I was pretty out of it at the time."

The DEA's explanation? Chong was "accidentally left in one of the cells." His jailers forgot he was there. The agency's top agent in San Diego, William R. Sherman, issued a statement after Chong lawyered up: "I am deeply troubled by the incident. … I extend my deepest apologies to the young man and want to express that this event is not indicative of the high standards that I hold my employees to."

Those "high standards" may end up costing the DEA a bundle. Chong filed a $20-million claim, alleging that "the deprivation of food and water for four and one-half days while the person is handcuffed the entire time constitutes torture under both international and domestic law."

"How they failed to realize he was there or ignored him is beyond comprehension," Eugene Iredale, one of Chong's lawyers, told the *New York Times*.

The reaction throughout the UCSD campus, the state and the nation has been unanimous: outrage and disgust. Representative Darrell Issa (R-California), chairman of the House Committee on Oversight and Government Reform, vowed to conduct a thorough investigation. Senator Barbara Boxer (D-California) requested that Attorney General Eric Holder look into the matter.

UCSD's Associated Students Council passed a resolution denouncing the DEA, urging Chancellor Marye Anne Fox to take a stance on the issue.

"It's unbelievable what happened to him," UCSD senior Kristine Wu said. "He was kicking the door and screaming. If he could hear people talking on the other side of the door, how could they not hear him?"

"The DEA needs to be held accountable," UCSD junior Matt Feder said. "It's like leaving your baby in the car in 100-degree weather. And it's even scarier because they're a major federal agency. What happened to Daniel Chong epitomizes all that is wrong with the nationwide War on Drugs. It's misguided, unorganized and ineffective."

Daniel Chong during an interview with NBC San Diego

Daniel Arberry is a UCSD senior majoring in communication. During his free time he likes to play basketball and practice his Michael Jackson moves.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—protests, censorship issues, pranks, etc.—please contact us at *Features@LFP.com*. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 123 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

KIKI BRANDO

CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK

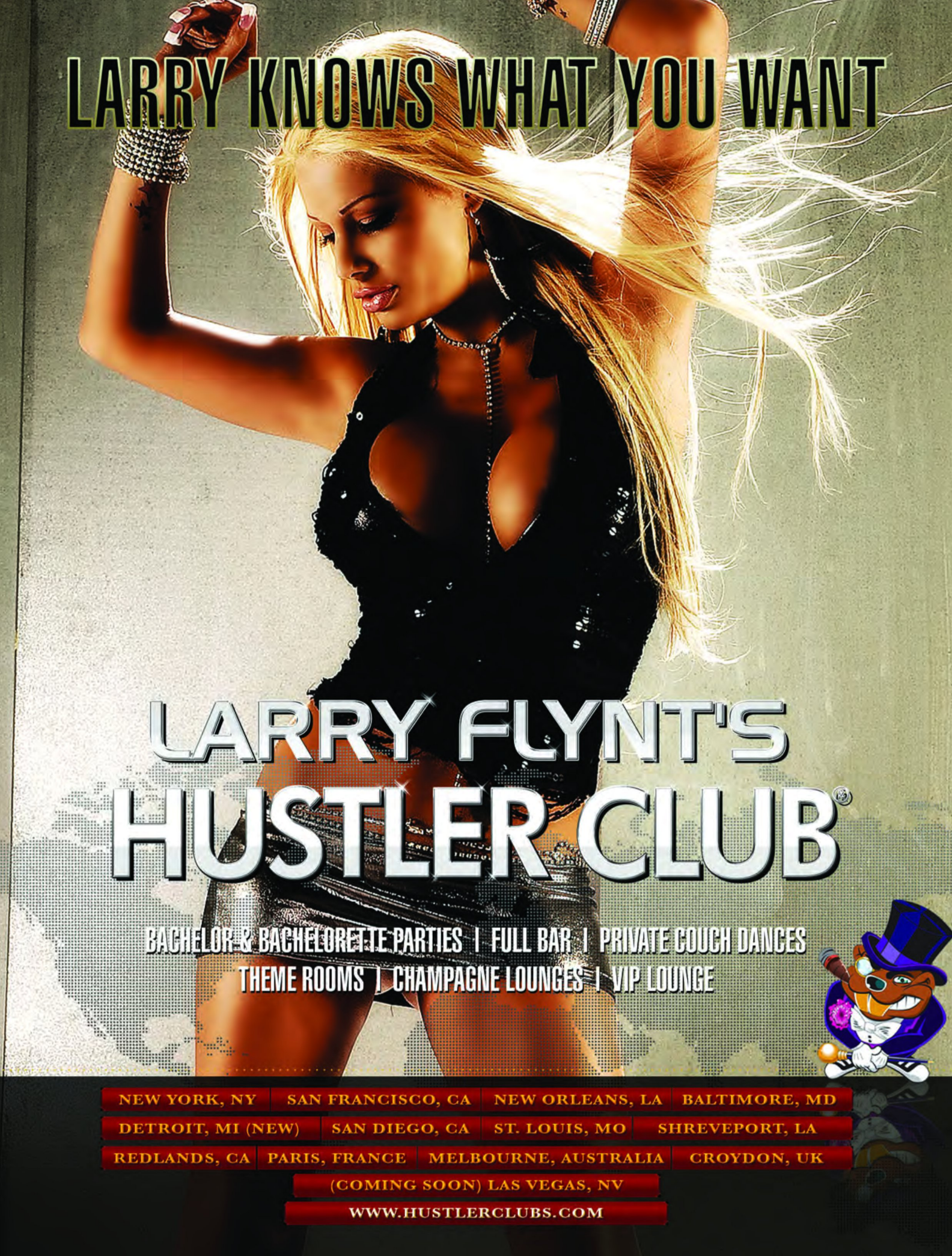
Kiki Brando, a third-year student at CUNY's Lehman College, has no qualms being photographed sans clothing, but she's looking forward to wearing lily whites. "Working as a registered nurse will be very fulfilling for me," says Kiki, who hopes to fill an opening at one of New York City's bustling emergency rooms. "But I'm also trying to pursue modeling, and I want to see where that can take me."

Kiki's come a long way from Green Bay, Wisconsin, where she landed as a teenager after leaving her native South Korea. "Minorities were very rare at that time in Green Bay," Kiki recalls. "I didn't speak a word of English. I spent a lot of time by myself watching movies, listening to heavy metal and alternative rock, dying my hair different colors and wearing baggy clothes. I guess I was a loner."

Not anymore. The 5-foot-5 emigré has come out of her shell in a big way. "I do a lot of running," Kiki reveals, "but I'm obsessed with motorcycles. I love being on a sport bike. I also love watching motorcycle races, but riding in one is much more fun. I'm a die-hard Marco Simoncelli fan. He was an Italian motorcycle racer who lost his life at the 2011 Malaysian Grand Prix. I have Marco's trademark tattooed on my tummy."

As for her amorous kicks, Kiki definitely has a soft spot for athletic men, but the dainty darling is also turned on by a certain type of woman. "I fantasize about making out with androgynous girls," Kiki explains. "Even so, I'm very monogamous, and I'm proud to admit it. When I'm in love, I'm a horndog. Sex with my guy is on my mind 24/7."

PHOTOS BY DDG PHOTOS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KARI: CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Kari never realized how good life could be when she was living in Minnesota. So after she came to L.A. on vacation, she decided to stick around. “I just love it in California,” says the perky 18-year-old. “All the things I never had back home are here—sunshine, friendly people, a healthier attitude toward sex. Back in Minnesota, I used to think that sex was dirty. I’d never let my boyfriend put his cock in my mouth. But out here, I’ve gained a whole new attitude toward sex that I know is healthier.”

(continued from page 87) it was a client, but it was always a telemarketer. I was nice to them, but I was so financially embarrassed, and they were using the phone that I paid for. So I started to get pissed off. I thought, *The next time a telemarketer calls, I'm going to record them.* So I recorded all these silly pranks.

Then I was down in Nashville in a publishing house showing some songs I was working on. They asked if I had anything else. About 20 people were in this little office listening to my pranks, and I signed to Virgin Records Nashville. All my life I'd been trying to get a record deal as a singer/songwriter. I finally got one from a $37 answering machine. It's kind of bittersweet.

Putting your pranks on YouTube was a no-brainer. By far, the funniest one has to be the murder-scene bit.

Yeah, that was kind of like my "Sweet Home Alabama." It got 80 million views. I finally started my own YouTube channel, MabeInAmerica, and put all my stuff on there.

Have any of your pranks gotten out of hand?

There's one called "Phone Sex." I tell this girl on the phone that I'm in the middle of giving a sperm sample, and I can't do it. She's obviously, you know, extremely African-American, and I say to her, "You sound like Pamela Anderson." I start huffing and making sounds like I'm masturbating, and she gets into it! She's like, "Oh, yeah, I hear it too." It's one of the funniest things I've ever done. But she kept on calling me! She wouldn't leave me alone. She was smitten, and she wanted to see me.

Is your wife as funny as you are?

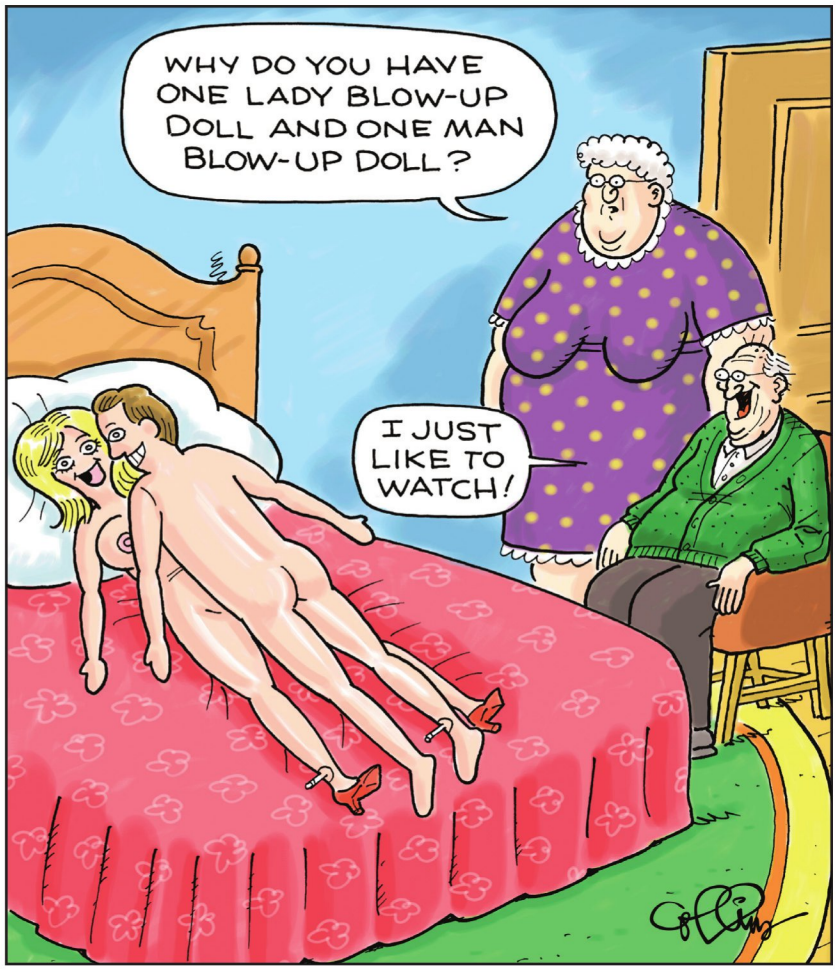
We've been married for 18 years. She's a money person. We're Kentucky people, but she has her master's in finance. She was able to help me out quite a bit. I really married up. I got lucky.

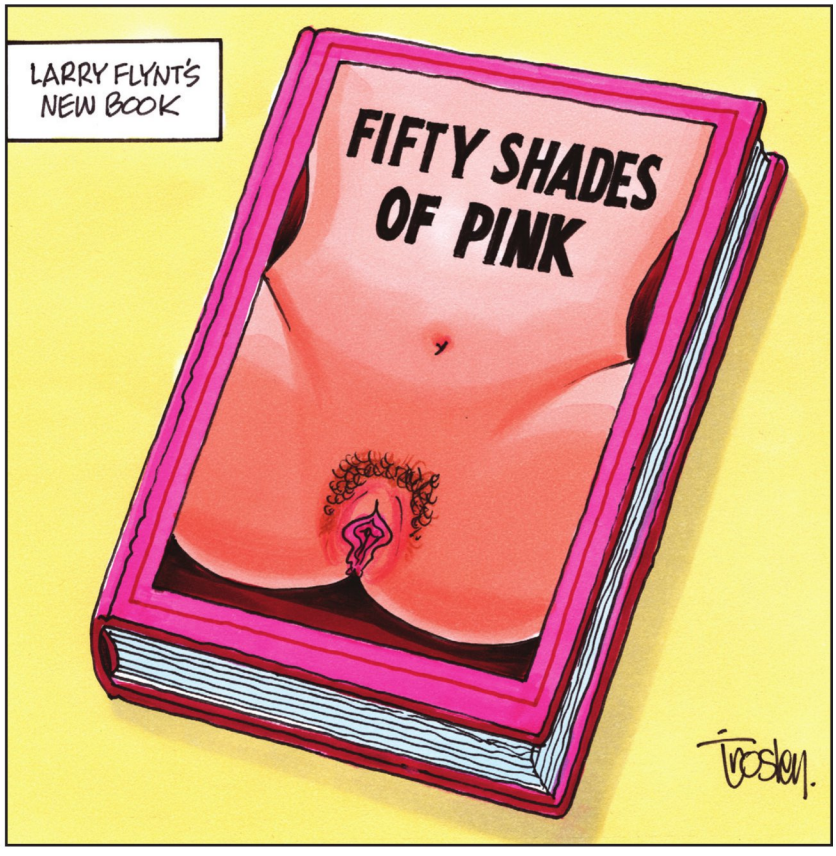
What are you working on next?

We just got an ambulance, so we're working on some ambulance bits right now. We had this old man [wearing a hospital gown, hooked up to an IV with a bandage around his head]. We put him on a gurney and pulled up at a bus stop, and I say [*as Mabe steps from the ambulance*], "Look, the rule is, if they don't have health insurance, we don't take them to the hospital." And we [*Mabe and his best friend/cohort Jim Clark*] drop the old man off at the bus stop. That was fun.

We always get hold of props, and we have some really fun stuff coming up. We have one bit that's going to go worldwide. It's huge, and I can't really talk about it because every time I turn on the news, I see another YouTuber doing my bit and getting 50 thousand million subscribers. So I have to keep them close to the chest until they come out.

For more about the "King of the Ring" or to watch his pranks, visit TomMabe.com.





MOLLY BENNETT

The January '13 issue goes on sale October 2, 2012. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

COMING NEXT

COOL OR CREEPY? OCTOMOM DELIVERS!

Fertility phenom Nadya Suleman gave birth to eight babies in one fell swoop after already having six kids in her brood. But after being vilified for receiving public assistance and failing to make big bucks via a reality show (or a filthy-rich hubby), Suleman finally buckled under when a big-time porn company waved the cash. Don't miss our titillating pics of the über-MILF and a sneak peek at Wicked Pictures' *Octomom Home Alone*. Now naughty Nadya can raise more than an oversize family!

CHERIE CURRIE: RUNAWAY ROARS BACK

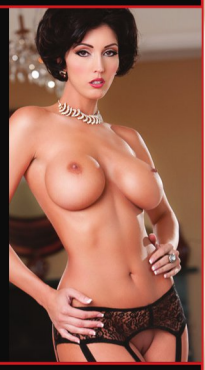
Back in 1975 the Runaways added teenybopper Cherie Currie as their lead singer, but drugs and other demons would ultimately take their toll. After a few whirlwind years she left the all-girl band to go solo, but by age 24 the singer and actress had hit rock bottom. Yes, sobriety can work miracles. Now fine-tuning her first record since 1980, Currie sits down with Arts & Entertainment Editor Keith Valcourt to discuss her Runaways past, the intervening decades and how she cleaned up her act.

HONG KONG'S HOTTEST STARS

China may not like the USA's addiction to debt, but we love its women. American men are addicted to Asian babes, who aren't just good students and bad drivers. They're alluring, mysterious and irresistible—especially the former beauty pageant queens who've gravitated to Hong Kong, China's showbiz mecca. Look for our photo showcase of five red-hot Chinese actresses most likely to land in Hollywood.

HARDCORE'S DYLAN RYDER: FAMILY FIRST

"When they were little, I wanted my girls to all become doctors," the father of Dylan Ryder recalls during freelance writer M. Allen Nathan's plunge into the private life of the XXX A-lister. Instead, Dylan now serves humanity by publicly displaying her sexual zeal, while twin sisters Jillian and Jocelyn are striving to become professional MMA fighters. See for yourself how Ryder embodies family togetherness by always being there for her hard-luck parents and scrappy siblings.



KILLER RADIATION ATTACKS!

Radiation released by reactor meltdowns at Japan's Fukushima Daiichi nuclear power plant after the 2011 tsunami is more lethal than the U.S. government claims. Investigative reporter Karl Grossman, an expert on the dangers of atomic energy, will offer scientific evidence how the United States, particularly California, has been poisoned and will continue to be. Did you know that government agencies stopped monitoring Fukushima radioactivity within a few months of the accident?